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Diary of the Week.

ON Tuesday the "Times" announced through its Parliamentary correspondent that an official Opposition amendment would be moved to the second reading of the Budget. The "Morning Post" of Thursday expanded this announcement by declaring that the amendment would invite the peers to declare that proposals so revolutionary as those of the Budget ought not to become law until after a decision of the electorate. The "Post," which takes, or gives, marching orders to the "back-woodsmen," advises against amendment, which appears to be the device of a group of so-called Moderates who, divided between two unconstitutional courses, prefer the more flagrant of the two. It is said that forty Unionist peers have addressed Lord Lansdowne against rejection, and it is hardly a secret that he, an ex-Liberal, is personally indisposed to this course. But the issue appears to have been turned against him largely by the pressure of the liquor interest. The "Westminster Gazette" states definitely that the promised interview of representatives of "the trade" with the Tory leaders has taken place, but in secret. It is said that language of undisguised menace was used, and that it was successful. On the other hand, Sir John Kennaway, who has much influence with the Moderates, writes to the "Times," deploring the policy of rejection, suggesting that the Lords are staking all on a gambler's throw, and hoping that the High Court of Parliament will be the subject of special prayer during the coming fortnight.

THE Lords' decision, which can only be described as a party device, shamelessly devoid of the pretence of

deliberation, means a General Election in January. Before that time the Commons will probably be able to set up the Budget temporarily, and it is much to be hoped that the Government will have their plans fully matured and ready to work at a day's notice. The reports from the constituencies are admirable, and there is practically but one danger—a state of war between the Liberal and Labor Parties. Three-cornered candidatures are multiplying, especially in Lancashire, but we shall be surprised if the two bodies cannot coalesce on a common policy of social reform, workmen's insurance, the re-instatement of the Budget, and the destruction of the power of the Lords. Mr. Gladstone was able to arrange something like terms of peace in a situation where the elements of common belief and interest were far less salient than they are to-day. Is it conceivable that the leaders and Whips on both sides cannot repeat his success? It is very important for the centre to act before local situations get too embittered.

THE Prime Minister's Guildhall speech on foreign and Imperial affairs, while phrased with caution, was, on the whole, cheerful and even optimistic in tone. It hailed the union of South Africa as one of the most remarkable spectacles in history, and coupled this praise of political rights for the colored races. On the European situation Mr. Asquith said that he could speak without "the lurking apprehensions of a year ago." British policy in the Near East aimed at securing the free development of the new era in Turkey, and this object had been "substantially obtained." The ententes with Great Powers were neither "aggressive" nor "exclusive," and with regard to Germany he knew of nothing which need stand in the way of the "full and friendly understanding" sought by the "wisest statesmanship" and the "best moral and social forces" in both countries. He hoped that the declaration of the new Belgian policy in regard to the Congo would enable the British Government to recognise the annexation, an act which could never be extended to the old régime.

MR. ASQUITH's brief reference to Germany in the Guildhall speech has been well received by the few German papers which already advocated a cessation of the rivalry in armaments. But comment is not yet general. Meanwhile it is known that the financial situation which will have to be faced in the coming year is even more serious than had been supposed. In this year's Budget new taxation was provided to meet a deficit of £24,000,000. It had been supposed that a loan of £14,000,000 would fill the anticipated hole next year. But in a detailed communication the "Deutsche Volkswirtschaftliche Korrespondenz" states that the total of the supplementary estimates will actually reach £27,000,000. When one remembers that the effort to scrape together twenty-four millions cost Prince Bülow his place, it is difficult to see how his successor can face a still more serious situation without a radical change of policy.

ON Monday the Lords performed a minor act of insolence to set off and accompany their coming grand deed of usurpation. By a majority of 157 to 40 they

threw out the London Elections Bill, a modest measure, under which a Parliamentary voter in London who moves from one Parliamentary division to another—*e.g.*, from Piccadilly to Bond-street—would retain his vote, as he retains it in every other city in England and in all the London local elections. The Bill would have enfranchised an average of about 40,000 working men, who are annually cheated of their votes, while not a single man of property would have lost his right to vote. The Lords, however, described the Bill as a disfranchising one, which means, we suppose, that property is hardly treated unless its owners can claim double or treble or even ten times the voting power of mere ordinary flesh and blood. Lord Dartmouth had the impudence to complain that the Bill had been sent to a Grand Committee in the House of Commons, so that the Lords claim not only to interfere with the privileges of the House of Commons but with its procedure.

Mr. BALFOUR appears to be still engaged in securing a little islet of Free Trade in the midst of the sea of Tory Protectionism. He and his managers have transferred Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Stewart Bowles from a losing fight with the Tariff Reformers in Marylebone and Norwood, and planted them as official Tory candidates in Blackburn, which is a centre of Free Trade. It would, therefore, seem as if there was to be a go-as-you-please attitude in Lancashire as against the general Protectionist platform elsewhere. The Protectionists, however, are not willing to see a big and important bit of England snatched from their grasp, and the "Observer" has promptly announced a whirlwind Protectionist campaign for Lancashire, in which it is clear that Mr. Stewart Bowles and Lord Robert Cecil will be caught up and overwhelmed. The transfer has not even secured the local results at which the Tory managers have aimed, for the Free Trade-Protectionist battle has been re-opened in Marylebone, and the Tariff Reformer refuses to go.

THE Birthday Honors List this year was divided into two parts. The main list, published on Tuesday, conferred, in addition to the official promotions, six Privy Councillorships, six baronetcies, and twenty knighthoods, but no peerages. Sir Henry Roscoe, a scientific man of high eminence, is one of the new Privy Councillors, and Colonel Seely, one of the best Parliamentarians in the Government, another, while the new knights include Mr. Shackleton, the discoverer of the South Magnetic Pole, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Vincent Evans, who is, perhaps, the *doyen* of Welsh Liberal journalists. Dr. Robertson Nicoll's knighthood is of more than common interest. The conductor of the "British Weekly" is one of the very few working journalists and editors who contrive all through their lives to retain and deserve the title of scholar and man of learning, to be at once powerful advocates and true authorities in the sphere of the intellect. On the following day it was announced that the King had conferred baronies on Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord, and Sir Arthur Godley, late Permanent Secretary to the India Office. Both are very able men, and the first appointment may be taken to endorse both Sir John Fisher's general administration of the Navy and the part he played in the controversy with Lord Charles Beresford.

PERSIA is grappling once more with a fresh Russian intervention. The "Royalist" brigand chief, Rahim Khan, at the head of a large force of Shahsevan tribesmen, has succeeded in taking the town of Ardebil, which

lies not far from Tabriz and uncomfortably near the Russian frontier. The Nationalist leaders of the town took sanctuary at the Russian Consulate, to which Rahim Khan addressed the usual boastful threats. On the plea that the Cossack guard already at the Consulate is inadequate, the Russians have sent to its aid the relatively immense reinforcement of 1,000 men. To measure the danger, one must remember the almost unbroken refusal of Rahim Khan's marauders during the siege of Tabriz to face any enemy with fire-arms. Time and again they were routed by a score of determined Caucasians. There is also on its way to the relief of Ardebil a considerable Nationalist force which the new Government has made strenuous attempts to arm and despatch promptly. The correspondent of the "Times" in Teheran gently deprecates this fresh Russian aggression, and states that most Persians are convinced that Russian agents have engineered Rahim Khan's exploit. The suspicion may be unfounded; it is not unnatural. When the Khan was one of the generals before Tabriz, the royalist forces there were supplied with cartridges by the Russians. He was captured after the raising of the siege by the Russians. But instead of detaining him, or handing him over to the lawful Government, or exiling him, they released him, and once more he is on the war-path. Other considerable Russian forces remain at Tabriz, at Resht, and possibly at Kasvin.

WE quoted last week letters of English firms doing an export business to prove that the same net prices and profits were earned by business with Protectionist countries as in the home market, *i.e.*, that foreign tariffs failed to make the English exporter pay. Mr. E. H. Bayley, in a letter in Thursday's "Daily Chronicle," quotes documents of a not less convincing nature. On the quotation and contract notes of German manufacturers exporting to this country appears the following proviso: "Prices subject to any change in Customs tariff," a plain assertion that if an English duty is put on his goods they will raise their price and make the importer or customer pay. Nor is this threat confined to manufactured goods. "The baker who supplies my household tells me he has just signed a contract for his annual supply of flour, at the bottom of which is a notice as follows: 'If a tariff is put on flour these prices are void.'" In other words, "Your bread will cost you more."

OUR Paris Correspondent writes:—The French Chamber has, by large majorities in several successive divisions, approved the substitution of the *scrutin de liste* with proportional representation for the present system of election. But M. Briand having made the question one of confidence, the first clause of the measure enacting the change was finally rejected by a majority of sixty-six late on Monday evening. In the final division a member of the Cabinet, M. Millerand, abstained from voting, an unusual occurrence, but not quite unprecedented, in the history of the Third Republic. In 1889, M. René Goblet, who was a member of the Floquet Cabinet, abstained from voting with his colleagues in favor of the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste*, which had been made a question of confidence; and M. Camille Pelletan abstained in similar circumstances on one occasion during the Combes Ministry. Even some of the partisans of proportional representation admit that M. Briand could hardly have taken any other course than he took. Six months before the general elections Parliament is hardly in a position to discuss adequately an entirely new system

of election, and the demand of the Government that the question should be left to the new Parliament is not unreasonable. Granting the principle of proportional representation, there remains the important question of the method by which it is to be worked. The system of voting by lists, which was proposed in the measure under discussion, is open to obvious objections. If isolated candidatures are allowed, they may, by cumulating votes, throw the machinery out of gear. But the chief argument brought by the supporters of the change against the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is not that it fails to secure an exactly proportional representation of the various parties, but that it tends to exalt petty local and personal interests above questions of principle.

* * *

THE internal weakness of Greece has tempted the Young Turks to make a tactless forward move. The Porte has presented a Circular Note to the four protecting Powers, in which it urges a prompt solution of the Cretan problem, guaranteeing the full autonomy of the island, but finally excluding the possibility of its eventual annexation to Greece. The Greeks have not made it easier, by their recent disorders, for any Power to advocate an early annexation, but it may be taken for granted that this Turkish suggestion will be rejected decisively by all the four Powers. The Young Turks would be much wiser to face the certainty of this eventual annexation, and to busy themselves in considering what compensations they might claim for a timely assent. Even were the Powers prepared to meet their wishes, the possession of an island so resolutely Hellenic as Crete would be for them only a source of weakness and unrest. Meanwhile there is some little ground for anxiety as to the line which the two German Powers, who fortunately have no responsibility for Crete, might take if a crisis calling for intervention were to arise either in Greece or in Crete. The Viennese Press has evidently persuaded itself that King George's throne is tottering. A Turkish deputation has just received a very flattering reception in Austro-Hungary, and when one remembers that the Turks threatened to boycott French goods if France facilitated the annexation of Crete, it is obvious that the traditional Hamidian policy of playing off one Power against another still survives at the Porte.

* * *

ON Monday a strike broke out in the New South Wales coalfield, which has since become general. Its cause is vaguely described by Reuter as "a question of supremacy between masters and men," and the Prime Minister speaks of the men's grievances as "insubstantial." The men apparently anticipated the final decision of the masters, who now refuse to confer with them. The consequences to the transport services of the colony are already very serious, and coal has advanced to 80s. a ton. The waterside workers may join the miners, and it is feared that the export of the wool and wheat harvests, no less than the carriage of food, may soon be checked. Mr. Wade has explained that his Government remains neutral, looks to the decision of the Wages Board for a solution, and is endeavoring to promote the meeting of masters and men. At present he will not apply the criminal law, but holds in *terrorem* over the men the risk of alienating public opinion. The Labor Party is said to be satisfied with his attitude. The whole episode illustrates the weakness of the coercive clauses of any Industrial Disputes Act, where a trade is united and powerful.

* * *

THE leaders of the Transvaal Indian community who have been in this country since June have returned to

report the failure of their mission. Yet, at one point, they reached a stage which less logical minds might have regarded as a success. General Smuts was willing to repeal the Asiatic Act, while inserting in the ordinary Immigration Act a clause limiting the number of Asiatic immigrants. But the Indians are fighting for honor. They rightly object to any special ordinance directed against their race. They would, however, accept a clause empowering the Administration in general terms to frame regulations limiting the number of immigrants of any nationality. There is thus no material point at issue. The Government is prepared to allow the entry in small numbers of educated Indians, notably teachers and priests. The Indians do not press for entry in the mass. The whole dispute now turns solely on the point of principle, whether a limitation accepted by both sides should be defined in terms directly aimed at Indians, or drafted in general terms, though, in fact, it may be applied only to Indians. These men have fought their case with magnificent spirit and self-sacrifice, combined with great subtlety. Their leader, Mr. Gandhi, is not merely a clever politician, but an able thinker of the Tolstoyan school and a convincing writer. Race prejudice in such a conflict becomes as ridiculous as it is odious. General Smuts would only add to his own reputation by consenting to the insubstantial yet ideally vital concession which the Indians claim.

* * *

THE joint Committee on the Censorship of Plays has issued an elaborate and interesting report, signed by all its members. We must reserve detailed comment for our next issue, but on the whole the report is in the direction of reform. Its two vital changes in the present system are that licensing before production becomes an optional rather than a compulsory form, and that the control of theatres and music-halls is unified. Two kinds of plays are henceforth to appear, the licensed and the unlicensed. The latter, appearing at the producer's risk, will be subject to a variety of checks. Seven offences are specified as rendering a play liable to proceedings. The first, indecency, opens it to action by the Public Prosecutor, and among the penalties on conviction may be a ten years' veto on performance. The other six and less deadly sins—such as "offensive personalities," offence against "religious sentiment," injury to friendly relationships with foreign Powers, or liability to cause a breach of the peace—are to be dealt with by a new Committee of the Privy Council, which may, if it please, hear cases *in camera*. This last provision is the most dubious of the Committee's recommendations.

* * *

LORD SELBY, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1895 to 1905, died in London on Saturday, at the age of 74. No finer ceremonial presence ever adorned the Speaker's chair. Mr. Gully was a very handsome man, and his voice and fine bearing added to the impression of personal dignity and grace. Whether his Speakership was entirely successful is open to doubt. With his general rulings, which were mostly on traditional lines, no fault could be found. He was personally amiable, and he was eminently fair. But he sometimes took a too lawyerlike tone for a House where the human element is strong, and he made a serious mistake in allowing the House of Commons police to remove by force some members of the Irish Nationalist Party for an act of disobedience which was unintentional in its origin. From that point his authority declined. It remained for his successor to resume and to enhance the relation of personal friendliness between the Speaker and all sections of the House of Commons.

Politics and Affairs.

THE COMING COUP D'ETAT.

THE "leaders" of the Tory Party have allowed their Press to tell the world that they are prepared to join their followers in making war on the British Constitution. The House of Lords, according to the "Times" and the "Morning Post," will be asked, on the motion for the second reading of the Finance Bill, to pass a resolution refusing to accept the Budget on the ground of its "revolutionary" character until it has been submitted to the electorate. The act, thus formulated, is a truly revolutionary one, involving three separate kinds of usurpation. First, it snatches from the people of Great Britain, acting through their representative body, its historic power, undisputed since the Stuarts, of controlling taxation. Secondly, it arrogates to the House of Lords the power of destroying a Government by striking at the normal and regular exercise of their authority. It thus severs the tie which binds the Executive to the elective assembly and which enables Ministers, within the limits of the Septennial Act, to remain in power as long as they command the confidence of a majority of the House of Commons. Thirdly, it asserts the right of the peers to "refer" to the electors any project of legislation with which they disagree, even that which has been ruled by age-long custom to be outside their province. It kills the Budget and then professes to hold "a Referendum," which is really an inquest upon its corpse. This is to say to the people of Great Britain: "You have no Constitution; rights which are not written do not exist, and we shall destroy them." For this is the precise consequence of this action of the Lords. If they had not been forced by one monarch and wheedled by another, they would never have allowed the people to vote. They now propose to permit them to vote, not for the old House of Commons, but for a body that passes Budgets and Bills only so long as it retains the good-will of the peers. We shall no longer tax ourselves; we shall be taxed by the will of the Lords. Put in their proper place, the British people may have the occasional luxury of a *plébiscite* on an issue prepared and chosen by the peers after informal consultation with Mr. Arthur Balfour, who today commands about 150 votes in the House of Commons. Thus representative democracy disappears, and plebiscitary rule, regulated by certain privileged sons of fathers and nephews of uncles, takes its place.

We need not trouble our readers with the excuses which are and will be put forward to palliate this lawlessness. The Budget is described by the abusive epithet of "revolutionary," and the speeches and writings of its author will be quoted in defence of this description. It will be enough to say in answer that the Budget contains finance and the administration of finance, and nothing more, and that scores of precedents exist for every tax it imposes. Take the most contested example, the land taxes. The Australian Press, led by the "Melbourne Age," one of the most powerful organs of moderate Conservatism in the Empire, scoffs at the idea that any revolutionary character attaches to these imposts,

familiar as they are to Colonial statesmanship. In our case they are necessarily linked to a plan of valuation, as a man's blood is joined to a circulating system. When valuation was carried into a separate Bill, as in the Scottish case, the Lords rejected it on the ground that it was finance. Now that it is directly connected with finance, they declare it to be properly the subject of separate legislation. So with liquor. Licensing Bill or Licensing Duties, it is all one to them. The man who denies to the Commons the right to tax land and liquor will deny them the right to tax anything. The tactical method with which we have dealt reveals only one real motive, the pre-arranged combination of two great financial interests to resist each other's taxes. Behind their coarse and corrupt collusion, settled, it appears, by definite agreements, lies another powerful engine of reaction, the determination of the Protectionists to destroy the Budget as the main obstacle to Tariff Reform. There, exposed to all men's gaze, lie the threefold roots of the plot against the Budget. The landlords hate the land taxes, the liquor lords the liquor taxes; it suits both these interests to substitute for the taxation of monopolies and unearned increments of wealth a scheme in which the protection of their accumulations is linked on to a plan for enhancing rents and certain manufacturers' profits at the cost of the people's food and living. Of this plan the electors of this country are to be at once the dupes and the victims. A great part of their political power is to be cut right away from them, and while property, alarmed by the talk of revolution, finds the funds and the moral support for the coming *plébiscite*, the masses are to be tempted into selling their birthright by the cry of "Make the foreigner pay." That behind this reckless plotting lies a measure of sincere, though rather ignorant and unimaginative fears, we do not doubt. But no intelligent man, accustomed to submit his vague alarms to the test of reason, believes that the Budget threatens a revolution. What it does imply, and what it ought to imply, is that the forces of progress are being combined in an attempt, first, to provide for the enormous cost of modern government without either cheating or oppressing the people, and, secondly, to lay by and add to a fund for curing, or at least alleviating, the worst miseries, accidents, disturbances, that befall the workers in a great industrial State. To this effort all modern statesmanship is bent. Nothing can be more just or more inevitable. The Budget is in that sense an innovation; and in the same sense it is, as Mr. Snowden well said, a preventive of revolution and an alternative to it.

The true revolutionaries, therefore, stand confessed, and we must at once grasp the full seriousness of their attempt to seize the chief power in the State. We know who they are. The Lords are unfit as a body either to pass or to reject any Bill, let alone a Budget. They represent, in the main, one class in the State. They have neither the men nor the machinery suited to supply competent Parliamentary criticism. They are made up, as to a small part of their membership, of able leaders or ex-leaders of society, as to another small part of its scum, as to a third and the largest part, of a dense mass of ignorant, untrained, and mediocre intelligences,

soaked with class passion and prejudice, and spoiled for serious public work by pride, luxury, and a narrow environment. They are not accountable to anybody for their legislative acts; and when such a body assumes, as it has assumed, first, an equal power to the House of Commons, and then a vastly superior power, it is clear that, first, the veto and, secondly, the hereditary principle are ripe for destruction.

Now let us look at the situation quite coolly. We are in for the fiercest struggle in modern political history. At present the Lords are preparing to defy the Executive and the House of Commons, and we have no doubt that they are equally ready to reject the counsels of the Sovereign, even if they have not done so already. In upsetting the taxing power of the House of Commons and refusing to countersign the document which really pays our soldiers, sailors, civil servants, and old-age pensioners, they commit an act comparable to the exaction of ship-money by Charles I. Had we been deprived of the advantages we have enumerated, there might have been many thousands of men who would have instantly refused to pay taxes until the rights of the House of Commons had been fully restored. But for the moment this is not necessary. We have the law, the right, and the force on our side. The party will look to the Government to stand by the House of Commons and see that, so far as words and acts can do it, its menaced rights and privileges are restored intact. But if the Government is to be strong, the people must be strong too. We are within two months of a General Election, and a few days of the rejection of the Budget. By the time that that act is clearly impending, a signal of "Krieg-Mobil" from the Liberal headquarters should be enough to set up in every town and village in these countries a force of agitation and vigilance more direct and formidable than the ordinary party organisations can command. The Budget League might reappear as a Constitutional League; for the issue goes beyond the Budget, and implies a demand for a new Constitution. It is not the Radical Party which is trampling on precedents, and making the unwritten sanctity of tradition a sport for any revolutionary party that may come along. But if Toryism has broken, we must mend. So long as the House of Commons is thrust from its place in the centre of political power, and nothing has been devised to take its place, constitutional law, as we and our forefathers have understood and interpreted it, has ceased to reign in Britain. Till the people regain the control of taxes, there will be no peace in the land. That achieved, and the veto and the hereditary principle swept out of existence, the task of Liberal statesmanship will be to discover a fresh and secure balance of governing powers and possibly a new method of legislation.

THE TACTICS OF THE SITUATION.

THE rejection of the Budget, which we may now take as determined on by the leaders of the Lords, will be a challenge at once to the House of Commons and to the people. It is in the first place a challenge to the House of Commons either to substantiate or abandon its claim

to the sole and undisputed control of finance. In words, its object is to secure a popular vote on the question of the Budget. But these are words merely. No machinery exists in our Constitution for taking a popular vote on a single issue clear of all others. It may be argued that such machinery might be a valuable addition to our Constitution in legislative matters. But, be that as it may, no such machinery now exists, nor can it be brought into being at this moment and for this purpose. If a General Election follows, all the ordinary complication of issues will arise. The whole programme of both parties will be in evidence, and on the democratic side there will be the usual—we hope and trust not more than the usual—loss of seats by split voting. Out of all this no direct popular vote on the single question of the Budget will or possibly can come. Having maintained the rights of the Commons inviolate, this Ministry will proceed to settle accounts with the Lords on the entire issue of the veto. With these objects in view they will put the question to the country in their own manner, and will not allow the Lords to dictate either the time or the method. They will decline to take the financial power of the Commons as legitimate matter of controversy. The issue which they will submit is that of the continuance of the general power of veto in its absolute form.

To secure these objects, we imagine that the House of Commons will answer the rejection of the Budget with a solemn affirmation of their own historic rights, and will instruct the Executive Government to continue to act upon their financial resolutions until the close of the financial year, or until Parliament shall otherwise determine. These resolutions have long had in practice the force of law. They have been in fact recognised as provisional law, dependent for their final sanction on the ultimate decision of the Commons. The consent of the Lords has for many years been as much a matter of form as the consent of the Crown. The difference now required is merely that, the form of the Lords' consent being unattainable, the resolutions should be renewed and extended for a further provisional period. The collection of taxes will proceed, and, as Mr. Balfour has himself admitted the necessity of all of them except the land taxes and licence duties, the prospect before any recusant would be at best that of having to pay up—with interest if Parliament so determine—within a very few months. Meanwhile, land valuation would go forward, valuers would be appointed, and the first steps taken which will occupy the few weeks which must elapse before the election. The royal assent to this method of procedure might be signified in the King's Speech winding up the session, and would suffice to stamp the resolutions with an authority which would not lightly be set aside. It is wanting in formal regularity, but a revolutionary situation cannot be met with ordinary and regular forces. The Lords have forced the Government of the country into this situation. They are attempting a plutocratic revolution, having no regard in their haste either for the stability of the Constitution or for the practical necessities of government. By so doing they impose on the Government and the Commons the task of maintaining order and providing for public defence.

None the less, the appeal to the country must follow without delay, and its terms admit of no doubt. The Lords have not merely challenged the financial privileges of the Commons. They have also succeeded in frustrating, in reducing almost to a nullity, the legislative activity of the Liberal Government. The question of the veto has, as our readers know, been in our view only too long delayed, and the effect of delay is seen in the gathering audacity which is consummated in the present attack. The Government will ask the people in January for a verdict on the general question of the veto. They will ask them for adequate power, first, to set aside once for all the formal veto on finance, secondly, to override the existing veto on legislation on occasions of irreconcilable conflict. As to the precise methods by which the veto may be curtailed, differences of opinion still exist. There is also divergence as to the substitutes for the powers of revision at present exercised by the peers. But these divergencies will, we trust, by no means be permitted to interfere with concentration on the practical point now before us. We hope that the Government, having taken advantage of the momentary pause to compare the advantages and disadvantages of every possible course, will at an early date, well before the election begins, lay before the people their plan for dealing with the veto in the most crisp and concrete form, and, provided always that this plan involves the destruction of the absolute veto, it will command the allegiance of all their followers.

Nor can we doubt that the Labor Party, though retaining its own ulterior views, will recognise the overwhelming necessity for a concentration of all democratic forces at this juncture and on this governing issue. Our only fear is that in many of the strongholds of democracy seats may be lost by a multiplication of candidatures which has arisen before the full gravity of the constitutional situation was understood, and we trust that every effort is being made by the responsible leaders of both parties to minimise divisions and present a united front. The Unionist calculation, we believe, is not that their party will obtain a majority, but that the united majority of Liberals, Irish, and Labor will not suffice to carry through an important constitutional change. Liberals on their side will insist that the majority, whatever it be, will consist of men who have put a specific pledge first and foremost in their addresses to their constituents. None the less, the magnitude of the majority will materially affect the thoroughness with which the work can be done, and it is a time at which no vote can be dispensed with. The democracy is to put its fortunes to the touch. If it wins, the path of social progress at last lies open before it. The democratisation of the suffrage by the inclusion of women and the removal of artificial impediments to registration, the settlement of the educational controversy, the opening of the land to the people, the reform of the licensing laws, the relief of the poorer ratepayer, the humanisation of public assistance, the systematic provision against sickness, invalidity, and unemployment, will all enter the region in which measures can be discussed not with a view to forcing them by violent agitation through the phalanx of hereditary legislators, but with a single eye to the course of social progress.

LAND FOR THE ASKING.

THE new temple of Conservatism is laid upon cornerstones which the builders rejected. As Sir Howard Vincent moved from obscurity into belated glory when his preposterous fad was foisted upon the Unionist Party as their prime policy by Mr. Chamberlain, so is it at last with Mr. Jesse Collings and his "three acres and a cow." The corybantic revivalist of this new cry is Sir Gilbert Parker. With his assistance Mr. Balfour and the Conservative Party have discovered that there is a land question in England. According to their account they have first "tried it on the dog," and, having found it works for Ireland, they throw it out on the eve of a General Election as the long-considered policy for England. The proposal, as propounded by its hot gospellers, Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Eltzbacher, is to this effect. The State, which has found a couple of hundred millions to establish peasant ownership in Ireland, by buying land at high prices from landowners, is to do the same for English landowners. By thus advancing a sufficient number of hundred millions of public money to landlords many thousands of small holders can be settled upon farms ranging in size from ten to one hundred and fifty acres, which they will regard from the start as their private property, though for some forty years they will have to pay the interest on the State loan, with a further sum for the extinction of the debt. The State is, moreover, to find large credit in order to guarantee Land Banks and Co-operative Credit Banks, by which the peasant-owners are to meet the ordinary financial requirements of successful agriculture, enabling the members on their personal security to get advances for stock, manures, seeds, etc., and to tide over the bad times to which farming as a business is peculiarly prone. The spirit and practice of co-operation thus established will be infused into the related processes of collection, carriage, and marketing of produce, and so by individual exertion and mutual aid a new race of sturdy yeomen will spring up in this country to rival the successful little farmers in Denmark, France, and Belgium.

We cannot refrain from commenting upon the courageous simplicity of the electoral device which this proposal contains. State advances for land purchase, Raffeism banks, peasant co-operation in various shapes, have been familiar reforms for several decades. So far as this country is concerned, it is safe to say that until the last few months no responsible Conservative statesman would touch any of them with a pair of tongs. They belonged one and all to the Radicalism which sowed unrest and discontent among our rural laborers. Not until the Small Holdings Act of 1907 and the Land Clauses of this Budget had disclosed a passion for liberty and a definite desire for a stake in the land among all classes of our country folk, did the electoral uses of Land Reform become apparent to Conservatives. With true electioneering audacity the landlords, who had absorbed the commons and stamped out liberty in rural England, are now beginning to tumble over one another with praiseworthy desire to see once more a

bold peasantry established in the fields which have been theirs, but which, in their new-born patriotic zeal, they will dispose of to the State—for a consideration. Great are the educational merits of the Finance Bill. The politics and the business of landowners, big or little, are notorious for a certain quality of simple cunning, well illustrated here. The fear of valuation and of future taxation is before the landowner; he won't be able to avoid fair rating or to extort excessive prices for lands sold for public purposes any longer if this Budget goes through. The game will no longer be worth the candle. Then come the politicians of his party, and say to him, "Why not stop the Budget and all its attendant risk by making a grand offer to unload lumps of inferior land on that harmless Juggins, the State, which can always be got to pay more than the land is worth? You needn't go very far in the matter; if you do not find it pay, it can be stopped, just as we stopped our earlier Act of 1892."

But, of course, there is another strand of purpose in this Land Reform. It is to serve not merely for the general defence of property, by strengthening the base of the property system, but first and foremost it is to make a host of Small Protectionists. "Tariff Reform and Land Reform," as one of the prophets tells us, "are part of the same great constructive policy." The little landowner, in other words, is not really expected to make a good thing out of it, or even to make both ends meet. He is expected to be always hard-up, and so always clamorous for a monopoly of the home market. So the Tory politician has before his eyes the bright vision of a couple of hundred thousand little owners voting for an all-round Protective tariff, out of which they will get their little bit, while huge spoils fall to the large surviving landlords and the big manufacturers who have got a "pull."

Perhaps the most amusingly impudent feature about this Conservative Land Reform is that it forms part of a protest against Socialism. That the State should own land bought at a fair valuation and take rent from State-tenants, is to them a mischievous and revolutionary principle. That the State should buy the same land at excessive prices, with doles for disturbance, and should divide up the property thus "socialised" among selected citizens, afterwards financing them in the agricultural business with further public credit, is an innocent and patriotic policy of "self-help" which will stimulate thrift and industry! The State is to buy the land, the State is to furnish buildings, credit, and other supports for a selected class, putting large bonuses into the hands of the present landlords and helping to establish Conservative Protectionist voters for the future. A pretty sort of individualism! One might, perhaps, with propriety ask how the enormous State fund required for this scheme is to be obtained. Hardly from Tariff Reform, for it is now evident that the Protectionist Party despairs of securing a Tariff without the aid of these new fagot voters. The comparatively small Irish scheme has been a heavy strain upon our national finance: a genuine English scheme would cost six times as much. But it is unnecessary to pursue the practical difficulties which beset a scheme that is nothing else than a desperate attempt to stem the popularity of the Budget.

LIGHT ON THE ANGLO-GERMAN PROBLEM.

THE annual ceremony of the Guildhall banquet has come and gone, and with it one of the three or four occasions on which a leading member of the Government addresses a European audience. The day is awaited as eagerly abroad as at home. To the Prime Minister's speech every public man in two Continents looks for some clue to the policy which guides the masters of the greatest fleet in all the seven seas. Mr. Asquith's rather brief discourse was competent, correct, and well phrased. It conveyed the unanimous hope of all parties that South Africa will widen her franchise and break down the barrier of race. It said kindly things of the Young Turks, when it might, perhaps, have warned them, tactfully but firmly, that their total failure to deal with the latest and most wanton of Armenian massacres has carried their movement beyond the phase of ungrudging compliment. It dealt with the new situation on the Congo with an entirely happy admixture of encouragement and reserve. The present is still hideous; the promises of the Belgian Government are fair; the full and honest execution of these promises will alone induce us to reconsider our refusal to recognise the annexation. For the rest, the speech spoke of the general European situation in terms which were startling in their optimism when one compares them with the gloomy utterances of Sir Edward Grey, Lord Rosebery, and the Prime Minister himself in the early summer of this year. One sentence there was which seemed to convey a larger meaning, a constructive purpose—the sentence which declared that no obstacle exists to a better understanding with Germany. Was it a cautious advance? It is what the Germans choose to make of it. Save for this promising sentence, the speech was pretty much what Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne might have said in the same circumstances. There was no bid for the leadership among the humaner parties of Europe. There was no revealed consciousness that Liberalism stands for an international creed. The enervating doctrine of "continuity" in foreign policy seems for the moment to have checked—we hope only checked—any ambition in British Liberalism to leave its mark on the history of civilisation. The pioneer spirit which has transformed finance and social legislation has opened no parallels before the high walls of our traditional diplomacy. The work which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman began to do has suffered a temporary arrest.

The problem of the race of armaments and our naval rivalry with Germany is obscured only for the moment in the public mind by the supreme issue of the Budget and the conflict with the Lords. It waits none the less for decision. Even before it has run the gauntlet of the Lords, the future surplus from the new taxes has to face the demands for the next year's naval programme. Yet the panic which this Session's speeches from the Liberal Front Bench did so much to render plausible is to-day only a thing for regretful remembrance. On both sides of the North Sea the effect remains. Those speeches have made it a little harder than it was before

to expect the understanding which Mr. Asquith desires. The mob mind in both nations retains a dim recollection of its alarms. Responsible statesmen, like Admiral von Tirpitz, can hardly have forgotten the official statement which came so near to giving him the lie direct. And now, after a few calm months, the official estimate of seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 seems as extravagant as the Opposition's twenty-one or twenty-five. The new volume of the "Navy League Annual" admits the real facts with its usual candor. We have at the moment seven "Dreadnoughts" ready at sea to Germany's none. Turn to the chapter on Austrian preparations and you will discover there a curious document, an appeal from the new Austrian Navy League to the alarmed patriotism of its fellow-citizens on the ground that Great Britain has eighty first-class ships to Germany's twenty-eight, and Austria's six. Consult the expert comparisons of the new British with the projected or partially built German ships of the same type, vessel for vessel, "Dreadnought" and super-"Dreadnought." In every item the superiority is on our side, displacement and horse-power, 12-inch guns against 11-inch, broadside, ahead, and astern fire each showing a 10 per cent. margin to our credit, with the same superiority for the typical gun of each type of ship in its ability to pierce armor. The main fact about Germany's construction is frankly admitted to be her failure to observe the time-table. Her first two "Dreadnoughts," we are now told, will have occupied nearly four years in building. The ships of the 1908 programme were all, we read, "late in being laid down." The anticipation of dates in the case of two ships of the 1909 programme was obviously adopted to balance the delay which had occurred with the other vessels. There is no thought of increasing or hastening the total building; "The German Naval Bill is immutable; so far it has been much delayed in its execution," and the "Annual" frankly declares that it is "impossible to accept the suggestion that the commencement of programmes many years ahead will be massed into a single twelvemonth in a desire suddenly to attain an equality to, if not a superiority over, ourselves." By January, 1912, Germany can at the most have ready, not twenty-five or twenty-one or seventeen "Dreadnoughts," but a bare thirteen. More probably she will have eleven. We are secure of twenty—a reckoning which omits our two "Nelsons," which some think better than "Dreadnoughts," and our crushing superiority in earlier types. Of the scare there is nothing left but the obscure uneasiness which has made it needlessly hard for the saner forces in the party to confine our next year's programme to a figure which will be adequate without being provocative.

Meanwhile the forces are gathering in Germany, which make it possible to look forward to a cessation of this rivalry. The whole politics of the Empire are in suspense. A new Chancellor has succeeded to the old problems, of whom much is hoped and little known. The puzzle of the Budget has not been solved. It has only been patched up by a temporary compromise which postpones to next year the difficulty of meeting a fresh deficit with more popular taxes. At by-elections and State elec-

tions the Social Democrats are sweeping everything before them, and even the National Liberals feel the universal "pull towards the Left." But of all symptoms the most significant is the steady campaign in the rigidly Conservative Press for an understanding with Great Britain and an arrangement of armaments. Its reasoning is the more impressive because it manifestly proceeds on purely self-regarding grounds. Three motives influence the Conservatives. They fear that the lack of the money will involve heavy sacrifices for the Army, if the reckless expenditure on ships continues. They read from the temper of the people that the upper classes and the entrenched interests cannot much longer continue to evade their just share of taxation, unless the total burden can be lightened. They dread above all else the growth of the Socialist vote. How long it will take for this mood of reasonable apprehension to affect the new Chancellor, what new combinations it may produce in a Reichstag which has no stable majority—that none can foresee. But the moment for an arrangement comes visibly nearer. Mr. Asquith's pregnant sentence may conceivably hasten its coming; a bolder and more direct appeal might have brought it nearer yet. For two reasons we are bound to desire the speediest possible settlement. Our own social programme hangs on our Navy Estimates. The aspect of Europe, with Russia emphasising her feud with Austria and both the German Powers watching the Greek and Cretan crisis in an unpleasantly expectant mood, is a warning that smouldering quarrels have their dangers even under a clear sky.

The material for a bargain is, we are still convinced, such an arrangement as Mr. Cohen suggested in his paper at the Eighty Club. Count Reventlow's capable article in the "Navy League Annual" insists on two central elements in this Anglo-German situation. The first of them is the historical fact that it was we who forced the pace, first, by insisting in our Press on Germany's naval weakness, and then by inventing the colossal apparition of the "Dreadnought." The second is that it is primarily to protect her commerce that Germany must arm, while the measure of her armaments must be not so much the relative value of that commerce as the strength of the Navy which threatens it. The nature of that menace has been too much advertised. Every pains has been taken to inform Germans of that model map which hangs in the Admiralty, whereon is demonstrated the ease with which every German merchant vessel in all the seas could be seized as a prize within two days of the outbreak of war. To check the rivalry in armaments we must be prepared to allay the fears which are their motive. If the Germans on their side would abandon their savage doctrine of the floating mine, and we on ours the anachronism of the capture of merchantmen in war, the "rattle into barbarism" might be stayed, because navies would have lost their most specious pretext—the excuse that they are only an insurance for commerce. Our power of defence would only be heightened, for there would be less to defend. Our power of attack would still make us the potential masters of every distant settlement. We should retain all the superiority we ought to claim, and retain it on terms which would at last allow us to devote our new surpluses to our own development.

A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-MAN ON THE
ENGLISH REVOLUTION NOW PENDING,
FROM THE THREAT OF THE HOUSE OF
LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

IV.

To you, my dear friend, I have one final word. You are a representative of that class which has done more than any other in the past to shape the peculiar genius of that Constitution we inherit from the past. The influence of the middle-class, the shrewd common sense of the merchant, the hard, practical insight of the business man, the narrow but firm and rigorous precision of the lawyer, are reflected in every part of it; it is they who have been the most important instruments of change, who have fitted it for each new age, who have watched over its every motion and development. The Lords may have guarded and preserved, but the middle-class has moulded and invigorated and inspired it. Peculiar, therefore, should be your interest in preserving this most august of modern institutions, for it is one which owes more to the influence of the average citizen than any other of its kind in any age. It is the idealised image of the stable merchant, who grasps the substance without seeking the shadow, and rests on the solid ground without eyeing the heights with envy. Hence it is you who are the naturally appointed guardian of the Constitution, and it is by your ideas that its future must be directed.

Two ways of development in the future are clear, the one that of evolution, systematic, consistent, and springing directly from the past. That line will preserve at least some independence for the Lower House from both Peers and people in all things, absolute independence of the Peers in finance, and that line, as I have already shown, springs direct from, and is rooted absolutely in, the very earth and foundation of our institutions, from the days when the first Edward summoned the Model Parliament, to the days when the seventh Edward summoned this one. Development upon these lines may be mistaken, but it can hardly be dangerous, and, by its close and continuous connection with the spirit of the past, it will always bring the future into relation with it. From such a development we may have something to correct, but little to fear, and much to hope.

There is also another line along which the Constitution may go—or rather be forced—the line of Revolution. How far that Revolution may extend no man can say, but we already see some of its dangers. Already the historic independence of the Commons in matters of general import, as distinguished from finance, is imperilled. Between mandates from below and vetoes from above, the individuality of the Commons, its personality and its control, are stifled or checked. The danger here is not a little one, but it is danger which may be averted. But when the financial control of the Lower House is threatened, then indeed we are lost. The Commons is reduced to an entire dependence upon its two masters, so that a continuous Referendum, decided upon and worked by the peers, becomes the sole instrument of Government. All the old stability, the good understandings, the invisible conventions, disappear, and everything is moulded by the breadth of the popular will at times and occasions selected by six hundred irresponsible autocrats. Such a process can only end in Revolution, and, though the financial control of the Commons may be the first to fall, the general control of the Lords will not be the last to suffer.

These, then, are the consequences of the action that you favor, and the cause which you advocate. You and those like you are prepared to destroy precedents, to abolish the immemorial atmosphere of tradition, in which alone our Constitution can live, to drag everything into irremediable disaster, for advantages that are doubtful, and for disasters that are certain. After such a step as rejection of the Budget by the Lords, the whole prospect of Revolution opens. Never, never again can the slow process of development, the nice adjustments of

time, the soft mouldings of nature and experience, be applied to the fabric of our Constitution. All and every one—not of its principles, but of its practices—must be submitted for instant decision to judges that are incompetent by persons that are reckless or unscrupulous. Nor are they to be submitted as a whole, but gradually, accidentally, illogically and occasionally, at the careless bidding of a hereditary class. From such dangers it is the middle class alone of England that can save us, for their opinion, which has always fixed the practice of the Constitution, is yet able to save its existence. Here is a cause which concerns no party, but which involves every individual. It is a cause for which everyone can stand, and a cause whose importance extends far beyond the importance of any provisions now in the Budget itself. The Budget is of complete indifference and unimportance compared with the financial supremacy of the Commons. To secure that end generations of Englishmen have struggled, for that end Hampden died and Halifax lived, and by that means the whole spirit of our Constitution was built up. And as our Constitution arose from that doctrine, so it must perish with it. On this there is not, nor ever can be, now or in future, any doubt or hesitancy whatever. We owe it therefore to our fathers to maintain what they gave us, to our sons to give to them what they can maintain, and we shall be false to both trusts if we abandon the most fundamental principle of English liberty, and the chief distinguishing mark of our parliamentary greatness.

A hundred years ago Edmund Burke, writing of the French Revolution, described the danger that it brought to the English Constitution by applying the principles of rigid logic and reason to an organism rooted in the past and based on immemorial tradition. I would that my pen could bring home to you the dangers that threaten our Constitution to-day from a procedure equally ruthless, from a reason and logic equally rigid, but so infinitely more dangerous, because a thousand times more insidious. Our country, which had nothing to fear from a mob headed by Frenchmen in red caps, has everything to fear from one headed by Englishmen in coronets.

HAROLD W. V. TEMPERLEY.

(Conclusion.)

Life and Letters.

THE JEST OF PILATE.

BACON has been taken to task for the opening words of a famous essay. Pilate, his critics say, meant no jest when he asked, "What is Truth?" for the question has in it a ring of irony. Every child knows what truth means, yet philosophers and theologians hold disputations through two thousand years and more without agreeing on a definition. Is it that they cannot see what lies before their eyes, or that they will not open their eyes to that which is revealed to babes and sucklings? Is the difficulty a jest of the thinkers, sporting for ever with mystifications bewildering to the lay mind, or is it a subtler irony in the scheme of things which elects to puzzle us most with that which is in appearance easiest to comprehend? A sentence or two in Professor James's most recent statement of his position—"The Meaning of Truth" (Longmans)—suggests the latter view. We are to think that in dazzling the world with the kaleidoscopic variations of the pragmatistic view of truth, he and Dr. Schiller and Professor Dewey are not so much active agents as passive instruments in the hands of the "Time Spirit." Writing of humanism, which is one of the pragmatic incarnations, he tells us why the gates of logic will not prevail against it:—

"Humanism is, in fact, much more like one of those secular changes that come upon public opinion overnight, as it were, borne upon tides 'too deep for sound and foam,' that survive all the crudities and extravagances of their advocates, that you can

pin to no one absolutely essential statement, nor kill by any one decisive stab.

"Such have been the changes from aristocracy to democracy, from classic to romantic taste, from theistic to pantheistic feeling, from static to revolutionary ways of understanding life—changes of which we have all been spectators. Scholasticism still opposes to such changes the method of confutation by single decisive reasons. . . . This is like stopping a river by planting a stick in its bed."

The passage is at least in one respect just. It is a true piece of self-criticism. Whether to its credit or to its discredit, pragmatism is not so much a definite doctrine that can be refuted—from which incidentally it follows that it is not a definite doctrine that can be proved—as a tendency, an impulse, a mood which survives attack and retreats from one position only to make head in another direction. It may be worth while to take up Professor James's challenge in the form in which he utters it, to dispense with the ungrateful and, indeed, too easy task of pricking logical holes and pointing out inconsistencies of statement, and consider pragmatism broadly as a tendency, to look at its antecedents and its history, and to attempt some estimate of its value, not as a ripened harvest of thought, but as a seed that is germinating.

We do not suppose that Professor James will acknowledge the parentage, but in our view his true source of modern pragmatism is to be found in Newman's "Grammar of Assent." Taking advantage of the weaknesses and gaps in the rational order, Newman introduced, or re-introduced, the view that belief—not merely belief in the supernatural, but belief as such—is something intrinsically different from an act of rational thought, that it is an act of will, a voluntary assent or dissent supervening upon the distinct contemplation of certain ideas. Now Professor James is for ever repudiating such an interpretation of pragmatism. He is constantly telling us that this is what he does not mean. One of the earlier expressions of his views was indeed entitled "The Will to Believe." But we are to understand apparently that this was an unfortunate choice of words leading readers to misunderstandings. None the less, the notion of a choice still runs through Professor James's words. The spirit of Newman is perpetually laid by soothing incantation formulae, only to wake again and walk in new verbal clothing through Professor James's much-winding argument. The satisfactoriness of a belief is lovingly dwelt upon, and if at times our questionings are stilled by the assurance that self-consistency—which Rationalism itself demands—is the one thing eminently "satisfactory" to the intellect, at other times we are confronted with passages like this:—

"I had supposed it to be matter of common observation that, of two competing views of the universe, which in all other respects are equal, but of which the first denies some vital human need while the second satisfies it, the second will be favored by sane men for the simple reason that it makes the world seem more rational. To choose the first view under such circumstances would be an ascetic act, an act of philosophic self-denial of which no normal human being would be guilty."

Such a passage reveals a confusion of the psychological and the philosophical points of view, combined with a naïve attitude to the question of truth which makes Professor James's case appear nearly desperate. That men are habitually guided by their preferences, that they seek beliefs which will quench their mental and moral thirst we all know. We had supposed that the beginnings of scientific and philosophic criticism arose from the attempt to rise a little above this uncritical attitude, and that progress, if very slight, had, at least, gone far enough to make men draw up and examine their positions when they found themselves being led in this way. But to Professor James all this is foolishness; it is an act of asceticism of which no sane man in an age of comfort is guilty. What the despised rationalist would conclude in the case propounded by Professor James is that valid grounds for deciding between the two views were not available. Both of them by hypothesis have some evidence in their favor. That evidence is equal, and therefore not only not decisive, but incapable of weighting the scale with so much as a balance of probability one way rather than

another. In such a situation the degree of "asceticism," which any rational man requires, is a suspense of judgment. A man may indeed prefer the one view as more interesting, stimulating, or encouraging, but if he takes this preference for evidence he deceives himself, and the truth is not in him. That he should quite deliberately proceed to make of his preference a logical argument and avowedly maintain that he believes the one theory rather than the other on this ground is scarcely conceivable. Men do not act so. They begin by preferring and end by honestly believing. But if they have any rudiments of self-respect left in them, they cannot bring the two ends of the process together and yet maintain the attitude of belief unimpaired.

Nevertheless, Professor James is right in attributing to his theory a psychological significance. It is a part of the debris thrown off by the growth of science. On the one hand the growth of psychology, especially in Professor James's own hands, has illustrated the close interaction of emotion, will, and belief, and has familiarised us with a certain portion of the mental world in which facts—viz., states of our own mind and body—are ready made and unmade by our belief or disbelief in them. On the other hand the extension of physical discovery has revealed to us the immensity of our ignorance, and the infantine limitation of our ordinary concepts of matter and mind, cause and effect. It has opened up new vistas of human power, revealed the malleability of natural conditions, and demands an infinite flexibility in our conceptions of the possible. It has loosened the old foundations of certainty, and given reins to the constructive use of the scientific imagination. The foundations of physics and of the sciences of life and mind are given over to the unrestricted play of hypothesis, and the scientific thinker is in his own way claiming the sort of freedom that Professor James demands. He wants unlimited licence to frame hypotheses and see what comes of them, and his practice is not far from Professor James's principle in that he cares for little provided that his theory "works," that it suggests experiments, that it fits in with the results of investigation as far as they go, that he hopes to "make" it true by actually constructing the model in which it is to be displayed. The demand for strict demonstration embarrasses and annoys him. He wants at once to be "satisfied" and stimulated, because he is always pushing ahead in discovery.

The point of difference which the pragmatist does not sufficiently grasp is that the scientific man has always in the back of his mind the consciousness that in this form his theories are all provisional. He has behind his immediate work the knowledge that in the end severer tests must be applied; he wishes merely to postpone their application till he has reached a point of view at which decisive demonstration one way or another will be possible. If he followed Professor James he would abandon this saving grace, erecting his provisional theories into truths which need no other proof than the satisfaction which they yield. He would make a deliberate logical theory of that which is for him only a practical method. The results would not, we conceive, be "satisfactory," and here, at least, we have a consideration which the pragmatist will not ignore. We already have far too much of dogmatism in science, and far too much of investigation undertaken only to find "proof" for that which the inquirer is already determined to believe. All that Professor James has to say of the method of establishing results by "validating" them, that is by making them work, is but too true of much of scientific controversy. The function of the logician, the value of a theory of truth, is not to establish these bad methods in their ways, but constantly to recall men to the recognition that, though their theories perish, Truth is what it is. It offers us no choice, except to submit or to rebel, and there is unfortunately no ground to think that it was framed to give us satisfaction or meet our vital needs. It is we who have to limit our satisfactions by the conditions which it imposes, and limit our needs as best we can to those which the humble and dispassionate study of reality shows us to be capable of fulfilment.

ALMOST AN IMMORTAL.

It was a hundred and fifty years last Wednesday since Schiller was born, and a hundred and four last May since he died. That is a long time for any writer's name to be remembered, except by the curious. One might call it a long step towards "immortality," for a name that is familiar after one century will probably be familiar after two, and Schiller is still well known far outside the narrow circles of scholars, specialists, and literary ghouls. His thoughts are deeply involved in the life of his own people. In the common intercourse of Europe, his words still fly through the mouths of men, and never to have heard of him would argue a mind uneducated. Together with Virgil and a few other poets, he enjoys the advantage of use in schools. It is a dubious advantage, we admit, but because "there is no harm in him," he is made a text-book of literature for the German youth, and of language for foreigners' lessons. The knowledge of him is thus ensured, and both his conspicuous phrases and general ways of thought are almost unconsciously impressed upon the heart of each generation. He has become a school of language, a source of recognised quotation, and an instructor in those sharply defined characters of black and white which the inexperienced love, and perhaps require for their guidance amid the infinite complexity of the actual world. He is, as we said, involved in the life of his people, and even in the life of Europe, nor has any German writer hitherto taken his place.

It is a great reward, though it is not the highest. We doubt if any mature man or woman now turns to Schiller for personal interest, for inspiration, for comfort, or even for literary pleasure. If we did turn to him for any of those things, we doubt if we should find them. After all, there are very few who can supply us with those excellent gifts between the limits of youth and the beginnings of old age—few of the dead, we mean, for the living possess the irresistible interest of sharing the same dangers and hopes and fears as ourselves, since for a year or two we are together in the same boat upon the stream. But as we look backwards up the current, here and there we catch sight of a man whose words seem never to lose their bearing upon the life of any age, and to be as vital for ourselves as for his contemporaries. For inspiration and for interests closely personal to our own lives we may still look to the creators of Prometheus, of Hamlet, and of Mephisto. Or if we seek the comfort of expression in our own most intimate joy and sorrow, we may still find it in a few great singers from Euripides to Catullus, and from Dante onward to Heine. Those are the true immortals, for they appear to have drawn the water of life from springs of thought and emotion which shall never dry. But hardly below them come a larger number of great spirits who seem wanting just one touch for the aspect of eternity, and yet whose power dominated their age and whose name is preserved in honor, though the honor is paid to a tomb rather than a throne. In German literature, we think, it is Schiller to whom the highest reverence of that kind must be paid.

Goethe, who for about ten years was his most intimate friend, and who valued him to the full, once said that Germany had produced no Byron, but the nearest to Byron was Schiller. At first sight the criticism seems surprising, for Schiller had none of the attributes that still give vitality to the best of Byron's work—the wit, the poignant satire, the knowledge of the world and of action, or the passionate defiance of propriety. But it was not these greater qualities that first gave Byron his extraordinary hold over this country and Europe. That hold was won by dramas and poems which now are hardly read, and receive only the same kind of sepulchral honor as Schiller's would receive were they not a basis of education, such as Byron's could never be after he lost his good repute owing to his finest work.

In Schiller's early dramas there was something of the Byronic spirit of revolt. His noble brigands and melancholy cut-throats were the predecessors of the Manfreds and Corsairs who drove the youth of Europe to shake their fists in the face of established society. Like Byron,

he rose against the conventions of life as well as of art, and his rebellion was the more violent because the bondage was more oppressive. He had known it at its worst as army-surgeon in the little State of a converted German Duke, who for the preservation of the discipline and souls of his people forbade him to write. His first play—the play which won him influence—bore on its title-page a lion rampant, with the motto "In Tyrannos." Filled with the spirit of revolt and gloom, it moves with a certain grandeur of sentiment and action. It is characteristic that the hero of the piece, having rebelled against ungrateful man, is discovered among savage rocks and hearts more savage still, perusing the works of Plutarch; and that for this play, probably by the advice of Anacharsis Clootz, in the fourth year of Liberty and the first of Equality, the National Assembly in Paris conferred the honor of French Citizenship upon "Gilleers," or "Sieur Gille, publiciste Allemand." Unhappily, owing to so vague an address, the diploma took six years to reach him, and Anacharsis, with Danton, who signed it, and Roland, who drew it up, had then long since trodden the road of the guillotine; but it still testifies to the origins of Schiller's early fame.

Like Byron, he made demands upon depths of passion which the eighteenth century had obscured, or, having skimmed over with smooth and solid-seeming conventions, had forgotten. But, even in youth, he showed little of Byron's self-conscious cynicism, and every year he inclined more to the Revolution's worship of love, humanity, and reason, turning from rebellion to the joy of universal citizenship throughout the world. Something of the change may be seen in Beethoven's employment of the ode, "An die Freude," beginning:—

"Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium."

As the author of the Life of Schiller, in the "Great Writers" series, has noticed:—

"In the last movement of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, after a storm of struggle and chaos and passionate rejection, a voice is heard saying, 'O friends, not sounds like these! but let us raise a sweeter strain, and full of joy!' And then, quietly, as though exhausted with the struggle, but now at peace, the new phrase is given out, and gradually the whole chorus joins in the triumphant song of Schiller's Hymn to Joy:—

'Joy, thou radiant flame from heaven,
Daughter of the gods divine,
We, with sacred madness driven,
Here approach thy glorious shrine.
What the cold world's sword would sever,
Thy enchantment binds aright;
All mankind are brothers ever
Where thou retest in thy flight.

Chorus: Men in millions above telling,
Join in rapture of embrace!
Far above yon starry space
Some dear Father has his dwelling."

In the fifth line the translator has followed the earlier and better version, and the imitation gives a tolerable idea of the opening stanza of a poem very characteristic both of Schiller and of a revolutionary age, when it was a joy to be alive. That mood of hopefulness and belief in human kind was like the opening of a door into sunshine. Except during a few short weeks in Russia four years ago, and during the great Italian drama now being retold by Mr. George Trevelyan, there has been nothing to compare to it since Schiller's time, and Schiller was the man to give it voice. "Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren," he cries in one of his best-known lines, and though that poem ends with the lamentations of middle-age, we feel that Schiller's spirit never in reality quitted the Arcady of his childhood. Madame de Stäel, who knew him only just before his death, said that he lived and spoke and acted as though wicked people did not exist. He knew the hardship and bitterness of the world, for he was generally poor, but that radiant spirit remained untouched in its persistent faith, and never lost the glory of its splendid vision.

"For the last twenty years," said Goethe in his old age, "the public has been contending which was the greater, Schiller or I, and they ought rather to have rejoiced that they have two such fellows to contend about." To us in these days it is almost incredible that

the question should ever have been raised, but still we may rejoice that Germany once had such a fellow as Schiller. Goethe counted him the greatest blessing fortune gave him in later years. "To me," he writes, "Schiller was a new spring in which everything burgeoned into glad and abundant life," and, again: "He saved me from the charnel-house of science, and gave me back to poetry and life." "The charnel-house of science" is a strange phrase coming from the man to whom all Nature was so full of vitality, but to the world, as to Goethe, there was evidently something about Schiller of this renewing, this life-giving power. His radiance elevated mankind above the contempt of those who call man a worm, and by the purification of that flame-like spirit he helped to redeem us from the vulgarity which so easily besets us, and especially besets the nations of the German and English stock. His truest praise is uttered in the epilogue that Goethe wrote for the "Song of the Bell" ten years after Schiller's death. One of the stanzas ends with the well-known lines:—

"Und hinter ihm, in weesenlosem Scheine,
Lag, was uns Alle bündigt, das Gemeine."

The vulgar and the commonplace, the existence uninspired, unredeemed, and unkindled into which the spirit so readily and so comfortably falls—from that it was given to this poet to deliver himself and others. He restored to art something of the grandeur of central and public conceptions, and to life he restored the brightness of unconquered faith. His works may no longer possess the attraction for us that they had; we are engaged in conflicts needing other words and other arms than his; but to himself, now that a century and a half have gone since his birth, we may still pay continued honor to one among those emancipators of the spirit who hand on the torch of hope to the generations.

BARBARIANS OF OUR TIME.

It would be an entertaining speculation to inquire what effect the discovery of Albania would have had upon the earlier phases of the Romantic movement. Here in these wild and beautiful mountains, almost in sight of the Italian coast and a bare two days' journey from Vienna, there still survives among a Catholic people of Indo-European stock the very world of peril, adventure, and honor out of which a whole generation of poets spun its ideals and its dreams. Byron, indeed, had travelled among the gentler clans of Epirus, and placed on record to their account an admiration and a sympathy which he refused to Greeks and Turks. Ali Pasha of Jannina was a considerable contemporary figure. He had attained the summit of glory among a people who regard a bribe only as a flattering testimony to their importance. Napoleon and Mr. Pitt had each sought in vain to corrupt him. He took their subsidies and continued to follow his own devices. But it was not until our own day that any information at once accurate and ample has been available regarding the Northern Albanians, who alone of their race have quite succeeded in defying all the influences of successive civilisations. The Roman conquest left nothing behind it save a few names on the classical atlas and a few ruins for lazy masons to dismantle. Of the Byzantine, the Bulgarian, and the Servian Empires there remains only the legacy of uncomprehending hatred. From Catholicism they have learned only to observe fast-days and to despise the Eastern Church. The very Jesuits only succeeded in assisting them to visualise Hell, and even of the Last Judgment they think much what they think of a Turkish Pasha's court, that it is alien tyranny invented to be defied. Here, in short, are the Dark Ages without their monasteries and without their cathedrals. It is the Europe of Charlemagne without its Latin. Amid all the brutalities of the tribal law, the blood feud, the sale of women, the brigandage, the witchcraft, and the childish ignorance there is only one anachronism and it,

too, is a barbarism. From Dibra to Scutari, from Scutari to Ipek, there is nothing modern save the Martini rifle.

The Romantics knew nothing of this paradise of honor and violence. Even the anthropologists, who will rummage a South Sea Island and go into exile among Dyaks or Samoyedes, have been content to leave Albania unexplored. One is doubly grateful therefore for the vivid and entertaining volume in which Miss M. E. Durham has just described her wanderings among the wilder Gheg tribes ("High Albania," Arnold). Her purpose is to amuse, and to kindle sympathy. But while she is far from having any scientific interest in anthropology, the essential fact about this primitive people emerges on almost every page with almost excessive emphasis. They are savages, brigands, murderers, but the root fact of their wild lives is not their lawlessness but their unflinching obedience to their law. They know no more of Old Testament or New than they know of the *Pandects* or the *Code Napoléon*. But from his cradle which the Church would call incestuous, to his unhallowed murderer's grave, the Albanian mountaineer bends all his energies to the observance of his own crude canon. His case seems to the modern mind peculiar, though in reality it is an almost universal phase of social evolution. He acknowledges so much of unity that all Albanians are brothers against Slavs or Turks, while all these northern tribes observe the code traditionally ascribed to one Lak Dukaghin, who is said to have been excommunicated by Pope Paul II. in 1464 on the unusually reasonable ground of the sin he committed in drafting this abominably un-Christian legislation. Yet, despite these bases of unity, the law of life among these clans is one of carefully regulated but unrelenting war. They are all of them exogamous, and marriage is sometimes by capture, but more commonly, where Christians intermarry, by purchase. A woman is worth anything between one and two rifles. The bargain is commonly concluded in infancy or even before birth. The most curious, and to us the most novel, of the institutions which Miss Durham describes is the honorable estate of virginity. There is apparently no religious or ascetic element in the ideal. A girl who refuses to marry the partner to whom she has been sold, may free the two families from the blood-feud which would otherwise result, by taking before witnesses a vow of perpetual virginity. Instead of incurring the contempt commonly meted out by savages to the childless woman, she rises at once to all the honours and privileges of manhood. She inherits property, she eats with the men, and above all, she is allowed to wear breeches and to carry a revolver. Monogamy even among the Moslems is an almost invariable rule, save only that Catholics and Moslems alike follow the Mosaic rule that a widow should cohabit with her deceased husband's brother. It is, of course, the wild law of honor which perpetuates the blood feud. The murders which are said to account for 20 per cent. of the deaths among adult males are morally indistinguishable from the civilised duel. There is this difference, that it is held to be quite honorable to shoot one's adversary from behind in the dark, and absolutely necessary to kill, while the close sense of kinship among the males of a clan makes any fellow-tribesman a legitimate victim. There is this to be said for the Albanian canon that it does introduce innumerable checks and restraints upon disorderly vengeance. The truce of God is frequent and is always rigidly observed. Women are inviolably protected, save from their own lawful owners. But in other respects the *lex talionis* does not deter. One might have supposed that the knowledge that a rash word or an unjust deed may bring misery upon the whole of one's family to the third and fourth generation would have bred caution. But the very universality of these quarrels, the honor done to courage, and the pride of killing many men, have apparently counteracted the intention of this Draconian code. It would be a mistake to waste pity on these glorious barbarians. They feel none for themselves. One tribe enjoyed itself hugely by entertaining Miss Durham with the merry tale of the last of its really splendid killings. One man at a feast lost a cartridge and immediately began to accuse the rest of theft and

lying. Twelve lay dead before the great evening closed, and even then the cartridge had not been found. It is, however, fairly clear that public opinion is now much in advance of the code. A man, who had been insulted by a man of another tribe, killed a young boy of that tribe while Miss Durham was present. His own fellows were indignant but puzzled. They had to admit that the avenger had observed the tribal law, and therefore they could not punish him. They solved the difficulty by telling the other tribe that they would not attempt to resist them, if they chose to come over and burn the murderer's house. The immediate proclamation of a universal truce from blood-feuds for many months after the establishment of the Constitution last year, was a striking proof of the strength of this growing desire for a humaner way of living. It pleases Miss Durham to sneer at the Young Turks and the Constitution, and to represent the Albanians as a race at once too good and too bad for it. But she is wholly silent on the fact that, at the very moment when she was in the mountains, the Albanian regiments at Monastir were shooting their Old Turk Pashas and striking the decisive blow for the new order.

But it would be to libel the whole Albanian race to send out this clever book to the world at large as a complete description of it. Miss Durham revels in her tales of violence and brutality. Her book reeks with blood, and one suspects that even if she had seen any milder side of the life of the mountains, she would not have cared to describe it. Her picture is a truthful record of one aspect, the more important and obvious aspect of the life of the wilder clans. But there is another chapter in Albanian annals. For more than a generation past a growing band of devoted men, mainly from the south, have been busied in reducing their untamed language to writing. Persecuted with equal animus by Greek Bishops and Turkish Pashas, they have still carried on their bloodless propaganda in a country where every other Nationalist ideal has been a standard of hatred, intolerance, and strife. They have faced prison, exile, and assassination. But even before the revolution they had transformed the thinking at least of Central and Southern Albania. This cult of the book has levelled the proud distinctions of birth, and swept away the jealousy of creeds. The present writer counts among his friends a southern Bey, once wild, vindictive, and barbarous, who met a persecuted schoolmaster while he was doing time for a common murder in a Turkish gaol. He learned to read, and came out a humane and civilised man. He has seen another friend, a Moslem of ancient lineage, embrace a Christian peasant in public, merely because they made the mutual discovery that both were helping forward the cult of the Albanian alphabet against Turks and Greeks alike. A third friend made the beginnings of a fortune in Boston, and returned immediately after the revolution to spend it all in founding a public library in his native town. A fourth friend, Faik Bey Konitza, a Moslem by birth, deserves, and has indeed won, a high place among philologists. Born not much more than thirty years ago in a feudal castle among naked mountains, he has mastered half the languages of Europe; he writes a French style worthy of Diderot; he has done more than any living scholar to explore in all the libraries of the Continent the obscure documents that relate to the history of his native land. He is at the same time a critic of music not altogether without renown, and even a composer. In the politics of the Balkans he illustrates the chivalry of his race by his unbending championship of his national idea. Miss Durham's bloody savages are certainly Albanians. The facts she relates about them are the truth. But they are not the whole truth about the Albanians of to-day, and with every month they are becoming less generally true. It is impossible to predict what destiny has in store for this singular race. Much turns upon the tact of the Young Turks, and much upon the ambitions of Austria. But no race in the Balkans deserves in its blind struggles and its unguided impulses to be regarded by Europe with more forbearance, more lenience, and more sympathy.

THE GAME OF DEATH.

A host of small birds have been feeding on the ploughing, the rear rank continually flying over the front, and then in turn falling to the rear, till the flock has somersaulted far out from the friendly hedge. Suddenly their activity ceases. The earth has opened and swallowed them up, or rather the heavens have disclosed a danger that bids them lie very still among the brown clods. High in the sky hangs a dot that every sparrow there knows for his ancient enemy, even though it may be a sparrow fresh from the nest, that has never seen a hawk before. But it is an awful business this lying quite still, hidden in sight, while overhead, with piercing eyes, hangs Death incarnate. One by one, and in twos and threes, the foragers slink off as best they can to the cover of the friendly hedges, and on one of them the hawk descends with unerring aim.

Has he taken the slowest or the stupidest greenfinch, or has he, holding them all completely at his mercy, made his swoop the penalty for excessive plumpness? Whichever it be, it can be only by a hair's breadth that the little bird lost. It is as beautifully feathered, as long and perfect of wing, as plump and as fit as any other November greenfinch. Yet, luck apart, it was somehow, by some very small margin, the least fit of to-day's flock. To-morrow, perhaps, the last one that escaped to-day will fall. It is not Nature's intention that we should escape our enemies by miles. We must win or lose by millimetres, and, whether we win or lose, Nature is equally satisfied. If we can give the hawk a reasonably good race for his meal, we have done well, and, if we are eaten, our cog has fitted the scheme just as well as if we escape. And is it not evident that what suits the machine suits every cog of it, whether it be an eaten greenfinch or a satisfied hawk?

We cannot find, on the whole, any evidence that Nature's tragedies are taken very seriously by the victims. At any rate, the friends of the victim and even those who have escaped death by the smallest margin are not much concerned, once the danger has passed. No more striking example of this can be had than the slight regard paid to the fox by the rabbits among which he lives, and from among which he takes toll when he happens to be hungry. When he is not hungry or hunting, he and his natural prey are as friendly as Englishmen and Germans when there is no war between them. Still more to the point and more easily verified is the careless familiarity with which roach treat the pike when the latter is not feeding, or the friendliness that exists in a narrow tank between a perch and the minnows provided for his sustenance. There is no unnecessary suffering from the fear of death. It would not do. The animal that was eternally worrying about such things would cease to thrive. It would be at a discount in the struggle for food—and when it came to die it would not satisfy the scheme of things by being worth eating. The victims of the hot pot invented by Mr. Rider Haggard had to be taken at the height of their enjoyment, or the gourmets that were to eat them would not be satisfied.

It is death without a shadow. When the hawk appears in the blue, then it is time enough to fly. It is just a hot-blooded race wherein we have no time to think of the stakes. Anyone who runs a race knows that all the anguish of it precedes the starting signal. At the firing of the pistol, worry and anxiety vanish, and we find ourselves running unexpectedly well. It is not nearly so bad as we had thought. We are quite happy and comfortable, until the race is over and we have come in second. Then it strikes us that we might have spurted earlier and better or have put an ounce or two more into it. The same would happen if the race were for life. We should run as gamely as any rabbit, and, if the race was a good one, should perhaps congratulate the victor as he proceeded to eat us.

Is it sheer speculation? In our islands we cannot imagine the horrors of earthquake or, happily, of war. If we dream of them it is an insupportable nightmare. Surely human nature could not endure such horrors. But when we speak to one who has been through a war or an earthquake, it is much as though he had gone

through a shower of rain. The crisis is accompanied by the right mood, and all goes off well. You walk about in the streets while the town is being shelled, but you lie down automatically when a shell is coming your way. In Piccadilly it would be an agony even to lie down, but in Ladysmith it is almost in an ordinary day's work to have an arm blown off. If that is so for man, self-conscious to a perfectly absurd degree, how much more must it be with the animals, which, if self-conscious at all, must be quite healthily so? They can no more be as imaginative or so tender-hearted as we are than the backwoodsman can be physically as tender as the overcomfortable townsman.

The ignoble, unseen enemy of slow approach does cause the animal a sort of misery. There are few sadder sights than a diseased rabbit. It seems almost as though it must brood on its misfortune, an unjust and undeserved misfortune as the human sufferer usually accounts it. Job was more than human not to rail at his boils, which he knew or felt to be a wanton infliction. Yesterday, a mouse crossed our path ever so slowly, and when we caught it we found that it was afflicted by huge ticks as big in comparison as if so many rats hung and sucked on a man. It must have suffered days of misery, each as acute as the moment wherein a mouse is caught and killed by a weasel. It had never seen, perhaps not even felt externally, the things that were sapping its life. No other mouse could tell it what was the matter, yet we cannot doubt that here was carking, brooding care as unlike a run for life as the despair of a Chatterton is unlike a shot through the heart in a glorious breach.

We can bear the severest lot with fortitude and a smile, when it is the common lot and when it comes from an enemy that is entirely an enemy. Man who pities the animals, perhaps overmuch, for what happens to them in the open field, where the loss of one is the exact measure of another's gain, has to deal with more terrible and more unjust conditions. The enemy of man is man himself. The tiger that eats him or that drives him from his food is not an animal of another make, but just a man of other opportunities. Neither his power nor his enmity is an actual thing against which one can fight, but a convention that he and the other victims of it must uphold and try to believe that they like to uphold. We need not say that it is so now. It has been so, and will be so again. Man has endured slavery at the hands of his fellow-men. He has been caught, fattened, and eaten by those whom with better or worse luck he would have fattened and eaten. He has been hived by the thousand like bees, say, on the Rand or at Kimberley, so that all the surplus the thousand could produce should be enjoyed by a single over-man. The game of death has been his, with not one chance in a hundred of life. And even under these conditions, consciously lacking justice or any sweetening counterbalance, he has not been aware of suffering. Why, then, need our greenfinch suffer when the hawk takes it for a meal?

The Drama.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

I FIND no form of the commercial play less interesting than that which is written to illustrate the powers of individual artists. Works of this type seem to me divested of the true character of drama. They cannot be truthful, for they have nothing to do with life; they are evolved not from within—from the artist's brain and heart—but from without, and their character and development can all be guessed beforehand, as soon as we know the actor or actress whom they are made to "fit." But they seem to suit a certain kind of public, just as old and common tunes suit them, the repeated air of the mechanical piano; their fingers beat time to the familiar rhythm, and follow with an idle satisfaction the expected sequence of notes. This kind of entertainment is offered by "The Great Mrs. Alloway." I found it no worse and no better than many of its predecessors. It exists for

Miss Lena Ashwell, or if it possesses any other justification as a work of art, I could not discover it. It deals—need I say?—with a woman's buried past; and in such a theme, built up as our average stage carpentry builds it up, there are three stages of development. The adventuress (shaded off in more or less nice discriminations of goodness and badness) is first shown when her active and therefore presumably her more characteristic life is closed, and an unreal, hypocritical life of concealment as a "society" lady, busied in good works and knowing only "the best people," has begun. She is then shown under the stress of discovery, and finally the ingenuity of the playwright expends itself in the working out of some device which will secure her (a) a further period of hypocritical peace, or if the lady be a thoroughly unsympathetic character will (b) lead to exposure and ruin. But his chief aim will be to secure the "star" the necessary scenes of sensation. It is clear that on these lines there is ample scope for the excitement that modern audiences desire, especially when the artist possesses Miss Ashwell's powers of suggesting the varying moods of nervous emotion—suspense, expectant fear, half-remorseful passion, or a woman's stoical despair. The coming "nerve storm" is therefore the dramatic centre of the work; all the rest is scaffolding built round the crowning event. For its development the author leans purely on accident, and owes everything to it. There is play, not of character, but of a chosen form of highly-strung temperament. The atmosphere and accessories are also "selected." The surrounding characters are all lay figures whose immobility or featurelessness sets off the excessive vitality of the "star." True feeling being absent, the play can have no relation to morals, life, or any serious dramatic purpose.

In this respect a work like "The Great Mrs. Alloway" offers at least a striking contrast to a drama of which the critics have had little good to say, "The Servant in the House." I do not think Mr. Rann Kennedy would claim this interesting play as a great work of art. Clearly it is not that. Clearly, too, we have had some of it before, in forms chosen by the greatest of modern dramatic artists. Readers of "Brand" and "An Enemy of the People" feel content when the symbolic method is in the hands of high poetic genius, and is linked with broad and keen insight into modern life, and a relentless criticism of its "show" characters and its intellectual and spiritual movement. They may be less powerfully attracted when it serves a less obvious mastery of the dramatic medium, and a more directly didactic purpose. And it is possible to hold that our serious, our religious, playwrights (and there is quite a school of them, and we ought all to welcome their appearance) would do well not to put the person of Jesus on the stage. This sceptical age has Moses and the Prophets; will it be convinced if one rose from the dead? The idea of this visible, re-appearing Christ, crudely worked into the raw fabric of modern city life, has been so cheapened by sensational journalism, and itself treads so close to mechanical device, that one hesitates to encourage it as a stage tradition. True, it was not an irreligious but a religious age which dragged its sacred characters on to the boards, and carved on its cathedral stalls the images both of its spiritual ideals and of its earthly humors. But can we restore this atmosphere? I do not say no; I would a thousand times rather see plays like "The Servant in the House" filling our theatres than witness the seemingly eternal reign of Mr. George Edwardes and his style of drama. Only, when one has a feeling for the incomparable form of the New Testament one shudders a little to hear our loose, facile modern rhetoric flowing from lips that we associate from our childhood with quite a different kind of speech.

Nevertheless, the play is an important and remarkable one, for it touches in a dramatic way things that are essential to our happiness, and are undoubtedly stirring more or less deeply in the minds of millions. Thus, it is important for us to consider whether having most abundant and imposing symbols of Church Christianity, we also possess or desire to possess the Christian spirit. It is

important to know what our nominally and professionally "good" men are doing for society, and what its most reputable forms contribute to its well-being. It is most important for us to decide whether we are always to be divided into two great camps—plutocrats, aristocrats, intellectuals, brain-workers, and idlers, on the one hand, and manual laborers on the other, neither class knowing anything of its neighbor. Is there to be a reconciling force? Mr. Kennedy says "Yes, it will be the Church, but a very different Church from that which exists to-day." He may be right or wrong in these theses which he nails to the doors of the Adelphi Theatre. I can understand the critics vehemently and angrily disputing the right of the theatre to deal with such things. Indeed, I cannot imagine them taking any other view; because, with one or two exceptions, they have co-operated with the managers to keep the British stage clear of all serious subjects and considerations. But I cannot understand their indifference in such a controversy. It is impossible to call "The Servant in the House" uninteresting. It is not a consistently powerful and moving work. It is a little too stilted, too naïve, too obviously didactic, for that. But it has humor, it has thrilling moments, and through it indubitably moves the awakening force which we call sincerity. In a word, it is not negligible. And yet those dramatic critics of ours, who are preparing to devote scores and hundreds of pages to the new bundle of old stage puzzles and cryptograms which this season will produce, for the most part pass over Mr. Kennedy's play with a word or two of good-natured contempt. It is really very strange.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

"MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The question raised in your issue of the 6th inst. as to whether the foreigner does or does not pay import duties or any part of them offers little difficulty to men of business who are not blinded by prejudices.

What we buy from the foreigner, upon which a duty is imposed, leaves his country at a net price and is redeemed from the Customs house at that price, with a duty added. If the buyer stipulates that the foreigner shall include the duty in the price, the Customs house takes no cognisance of the transaction; it demands the amount of the duty and frees the goods to the buyer. The transaction is either an isolated one and does not affect the market price of the article, or it is one of many, and thus affects the market price, but the duty does not, in the latter case, escape being paid by the buyer, for only the market price is lowered all round, and the duty charged is less protective than when prices were higher, as it is the level of prices in the selling and in the buying markets respectively which governs the protective nature of a duty—the buying market standing at a level higher than the selling market by the amount of the duty levied.

Let it be assumed that the foreigner pays the duty by a sacrifice in the price he accepts for his goods, exactly equal to the duty to be charged at the port of discharge. The cost to the buyer, after paying the duty at the Customs house, would be precisely what it would have been had no duty been charged, with no necessity for the foreigner to make a duty discount. The home manufacturer would say to the Customs officials: "Thank you for 'nothing.' You allow goods to come in at the old price, and I have no advantage." Yet the duty is received by the Government, thus a duty is not necessarily protective unless it is high enough. A ten per cent. duty, if the foreigner chooses to reduce the price of the goods he sells to us by ten per cent., is not protective in the minutest degree, and it must be increased until it passes the point of price reduction, when it at once ceases to add anything to revenue, and remains an engine for raising prices only, within our shores.

Finally, a business man will ask: What is the country

which has a low price for what it sells abroad, and retains the market price, or a high one, for what it consumes at home, except it be a country which is highly protected? There exists no such country which is not a protected one. Then what is gained by buying dearly and selling cheaply, to enable our fellow-citizens to obtain from us high prices for what they make?

Free Trade, as we know it, allows us to buy cheaply, to sell cheaply, and to live cheaply, and a shilling spent on the "Financial Reform Almanac" will give more texts to preach from, and to guide our action by, than any other work now published, as the balance sheets of our principal rivals and our own are there set forth most clearly, and doubts need no longer be entertained as to the wisdom of continuing and strengthening our present policy.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands,

November 8th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article under this title you represent the writers on economics as dwelling "over-much on the rare instances in which the foreigner pays the tax," and you argue that such instances only occur when, owing to a monopoly of some kind, the foreigner is making profits above the minimum rate at which his countrymen are willing to do business. Is this not a grave admission? You yourself proceed to say that it is "arguable that a tax on petroleum might be borne by the Standard Oil Company and a tax on diamonds by de Beers." Are there not many articles, such as German chemicals (produced by patented or secret processes) and rubber (enjoying the advantages of the present shortage), which are producing exceptional profits? Foreign Chancellors of the Exchequer, you hint, should annex such profits, but if they "neglect their fiscal opportunities," and allow the German manufacturers and the rubber proprietors to pay the dividends they do—fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or more, per cent.—why, on your showing, should not Mr. Lloyd George ask for his share? If without damage to anyone he can put death duties, increment tax (if they are freeholders), and super-tax (their incomes being sufficient) upon Sir J. Brunner and Dr. Ludwig Mond, "in respect of the values created by the social demand," why does not the Budget include some reasonable claim upon the Standard Oil and the Deutsche Anilin Fabrik and the like? Mr. Hobson's doctrine of superfluity appears to apply to the foreign and the home manufacturer without distinction. Having, like your original correspondent, "Veritas Vincit," a dislike of import or (I will add for myself) any other taxes, I will conclude by begging you to give us another article upon the same text.—Yours, &c.,

November 9th, 1909.

E. C.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am an author, and have published one of my books on commission. It sells in this country at x shillings net; but for copies sold in the United States I get exactly half that sum. The difference is accounted for by the cost of freight, the American middleman's profit, and the American import duty. I, the exporter, pay that duty, as I know to my cost. What, then, becomes of your contention that the consumer pays? Moreover, I do not pay the duty direct: it is deducted from the amount paid to me by the American importers. This, I think, answers your objection that if it was the foreigner who paid, "his payment would take shape in foreign goods, which Protectionists say they want to keep out." Is not the duty always paid in the form of a diminution of the price received by the exporter?—Yours, &c.,

MORRIS JOSEPH.

Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park,

November 9th, 1909.

[Mr. Joseph's letter serves well to illustrate, not to refute, the reasoning of our article. We there adduced conclusive evidence to show that, so far as ordinary trade is concerned, the exporter does not suffer any diminution of his price. But where a monopolist fixes his own price, it might in theory be possible for a foreign Government to tax him. An author, to the degree of the originality appertaining to his book, is a monopolist.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Balfour may or may not succeed in "broadening the basis of taxation," but he has undoubtedly enlarged the vocabulary of criticism. It will hardly be a breach of the canons of controversy if I characterise the Tariff Reform cry, "Tax the Foreigner" as a "frigid and calculated lie," or as "base coin put into legitimate circulation." From every platform this fiction is repeated, in the hope that people will be gulled, but there is not a Tariff Reform speaker so ignorant as to believe it. What he means is, "Tax foreign goods," but he forgets to tell the people that they are taxing themselves, and it would not help his case if he were to argue that there is not a single economist but has discovered, after microscopical examination, some exceptional case, which, while it proves the larger rule, supports the platform fiction. The practical man of business may be excused if he forgets, because he never encounters them in experience, some of the theories he learned at school, and looks on these questions in the light of everyday happenings.

As one such, I should like to add my experience to that of those whom you quote in your timely article on this subject. I am only a small operator, and my trade with and in protected countries, colonial and foreign, amounts, roughly, to £400,000. In no single instance where I make a sale do I fail to add to the price of the goods the cost of packing, inland freight, &c., leaving in no case less than the price I obtain at home for the same goods. The purchaser pays freight and his own duties. I have scores of competitors, and their practice is the same as mine.

In certain markets I have to sell in the currency of the country, and to the cost of my goods I have to add the duties, freight, &c., and a reasonable profit on these expenses in addition. This profit comes back to me in a form that may figure in the imports as boots and shoes from America, or millinery from France. It goes to swell the excess of imports, which is the *bête noire* of Tariff Reformers, but to me is, Thank God!

We talk of a 10 per cent. tariff. Take even that impossible rate. What will this 10 per cent. amount to by the time it reaches the user? The distributing importer must have just the same profit on the duty that he has on the goods. Ten per cent. means at least 15 per cent. by the time it reaches the consumer, and who is foolish enough to believe that we would stop at 10 per cent.?

All this on the supposition that goods will come in just as at present—but will they?—and if not, what goes? Revenue first, then trade. Fifty per cent. of the £140,000,000 of manufactured and partly manufactured goods coming into this country constitute the raw material of certain industries. Much of it is re-exported after the expenditure of labor. The duty would kill that trade, and in many cases climatic conditions and conditions of labor—apart altogether from higher or lower wages—would make it impossible to replace the imported goods with home products.

Another phase of the question seldom mentioned is worth notice. If, as is so ardently desired by the Tariff Reformers, imports are reduced and foreign indebtedness can no longer be liquidated by merchandise, exchange will rise, and will have the same effect as an additional tariff against our goods. The return from foreign investments, except when payable in London, will also be reduced by the cost of remittance.

Lastly, I am thoroughly convinced, from my own experience, that one of the main causes of unemployment is the agitation for Tariff Reform. It is paralysing industry and putting a stop to legitimate enterprise and expansion. My trade would justify fresh plant and increased facilities for production, but here is an agitation for a complete reversal of our fiscal policy, which, if successful, will lead us nobody knows where. One thing nobody disputes—it will increase the cost of production, and this will shut me out of some of the markets into which I now get by the skin of my teeth.

Can I take the risk, and gamble on the defeat of the agitation? Apply the same to the shipping trade, and you can account for almost all the depression in the shipbuilding industry.—Yours, &c.,

MANUFACTURER.

Glasgow, November 9th, 1909.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“What cause, however great,” asks Mr. Holford Knight, “could displace in the public mind the Budget and the Constitution?” I will answer—Justice. Liberal voters like myself cannot prevent a Liberal caucus from forcing on certain constituencies gentlemen like Dr. Massie, who preach that political society is based not on justice, but on force; still, by refusing to vote for them, we shall prove our loyalty alike to Liberalism and Christian civilisation. Our case is admirably pleaded in the last issue of THE NATION. “A State (and likewise a party) which implicitly declares that it is not strong enough or wise enough to stand upon right, has *ipso facto* abandoned its moral claim upon the respect and obedience of the people.”

All gratitude to the Women's Liberal Federation, which, as far as in it lies, is saving the honor of Liberalism!—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL VOTER.

Devonshire Club,

October 27th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think your correspondent, Kate Chandler, is somewhat unjust to those members of the Women's Liberal Federation who have faithfully and loyally worked for their party during the last four years. These women think with your correspondent that they should count themselves Liberals first, and women afterwards, and they proved themselves to be “politicians” long before the advent of the militant Suffragists. They are, however, still awaiting the settlement of their just claims, and some of them are beginning to realise that those claims never will be recognised until they take the drastic step of refusing longer to work until their work is recognised by admission to the franchise.—Yours, &c.,

MARY D. HORNE.

7, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.

November 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of October 30th Mr. Conybeare explains his position with regard to the Suffragettes—the women who are supporting their claims to the suffrage by violent and illegal acts.

While agreeing with him as to the great harm they are doing, I estimate it rather as an injury to their present cause than as an injury to the position of their sex. I deplore and regret their action, perhaps even more than he.

But is not his a strangely illogical position? He was “formerly well-disposed towards the movement,” but is now converted into a determined opponent of it. That is to say, because two or three score of women have behaved in the way which he (and I) condemn, he would withhold the vote which he was formerly disposed to give them from what he will perhaps allow me to call “the enormous and daily growing multitude” of law-abiding Suffragists who have done nothing to deserve his displeasure.

He believes that “if Mill were alive now he would be reconsidering his scheme.” That is a speculation which he is welcome to entertain if it pleases him. But is it not more in keeping with Mill's character to remain firm to his principles than to surrender them even under considerable provocation? As regards the question raised by Mr. Holford-Knight, each Liberal woman must decide for herself what is right for her to do. But a very similar question arises for Liberal men who are also Suffragists. To me the issues involved in the coming election are so serious that in my opinion it behoves every Liberal man to spend such strength and such time as he can afford in working for the general Liberal welfare. But I can see no reason why he should work for a Liberal who is not a genuine supporter of women's suffrage, even though that Liberal is candidate for the constituency in which he lives, when he can probably find a candidate with whose views both as a Liberal and a Suffragist he thoroughly agrees in some neighboring constituency. I sincerely hope that many Liberal men may in this manner avoid sacrificing either their Liberalism to their suffrage views, or their suffrage views to their Liberalism, and may be able to throw themselves heart and soul into the great fight.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

Keswick, November 3rd, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to revert to the correspondence on this subject in your issue of October 30th?

I subscribe to the full to the opinions expressed by Mr. Fred. C. Conybeare with this exception, that I never was well-disposed towards the movement initiated by John Stuart Mill, no more than his friend and correspondent, Charles Kingsley, who expressed his aversion to the female vote in very simple language. Yet a more ardent admirer of the potentialities in womanhood, a better husband or father, is not known to me in English literature.

It is well for both that they were spared the recent emanation of the female mind.

I cannot but turn with sympathy to the question asked by "C. R." She has made up her mind that, for the benefit of the State, the Liberal policy is the best. Where and how is that conviction antagonistic to her sense of womanhood? It is not a question between womanhood and political factions, but between womanhood and manhood, and to this we men have to give the final answer without any political bias. We have weighed woman up with kindness and with justice, we know what they can do and what we can do. We take the hardest work upon ourselves, and no good and just woman can complain of want of consideration, legally or socially.

I am strongly inclined to believe that "C. R." will admit this, and will in future give us men her helpful hand.

I have no such hope in the case of your correspondent, "M. A.," who coolly states that, at the present moment, when vital political issues are at stake, nothing but enfranchisement does appeal to her. This, fortunately, is a state of mind shared by a very small minority of women. Here follows a string of assertions offered as incontrovertible maxims, and in a strain of self-assertion which it is not pleasant to behold.

"These women's matters," of which "M. A." so glibly speaks, I discuss with my wife and daughters, and act accordingly. The advice of "M. A.," or any woman who has studied at Girton, Oxford, or Cambridge, is of no importance to me. It is the family on which the State is based.

Women who respect their own dignity should not utter such mean threats as "M. A." so blandly utters, and they do not do it.—Yours, &c.,

G. S.

November 10th, 1909.

ELECTIONS ON SUNDAYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a recent issue appeared a letter from Mr. Albert Raphael, recommending either the extension of the present polling hours or the holding of elections on Sunday.

As regards the latter suggestion, perhaps the following paragraph, which I have just come across in Mr. Graham Wallas's admirable book, "Human Nature in Politics," might be of interest:—

"Something might be done, and perhaps will be done in the near future, to abolish the more sordid details of English electioneering. Public-houses could be closed on the election day, both to prevent drunkenness and casual treating, and to create an atmosphere of comparative seriousness. It is a pity that we cannot have the elections on a Sunday as they have in France. The voters would then come to the poll after twenty or twenty-four hours' rest, and their own thoughts would have some power of asserting themselves even in the presence of the canvasser, whose hustling energy now inevitably dominates the tired nerves of men who have just finished their day's work. The feeling of moral responsibility half consciously associated with the religious use of Sunday would also be so valuable an aid to reflection that the most determined anti-clerical might be willing to risk the chance that it would add to the political power of the churches. It may cease to be true that in England the Christian day of rest, in spite of the recorded protest of the founder of Christianity, is still too much hedged about by the traditions of prehistoric taboo to be available for the most solemn act of citizenship. It might again be possible to lend to the polling-place some of the dignity of a law court, and, if no better buildings were available, at least to clean and decorate the dingy schoolrooms now used. (pp. 230-1.)

—Yours, &c.,

H. P. DOUGLAS.

Manchester, October 30th.

"EDUCATIONAL FINANCE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At a debate on Lord Sheffield's paper on "Educational Finance," I submitted that folk songs, morris dances, and traditional games should be introduced into the school course. Unfortunately, sitting as I did a good distance from Lord Sheffield, I was unable quite to catch his reply, so I hope I am not misrepresenting him when I say he threw cold water on my suggestion, on the grounds that it would cost money, and that it wasn't to the point.

I write now to emphasise what I said in my speech, that the cost is practically nothing. The folk songs can be taught by any teacher, out of books which cost from one penny to five shillings. The pupils do not need to have books; indeed, experience has shown it to be better that the songs should be taught orally, as they have been for generations. As regards the traditional dances and games, a lady can be sent down for a week by the Association for the Revival and Promotion of Folk Music to teach the whole school, including the teacher, for two guineas, plus fare and lodgings.

Should it be thought desirable to do so, this cost can be more than repaid by an entertainment given by the pupils.

There is no doubt that the introduction of these songs and dances have a good effect on the children. It makes them brighter and more intelligent, it makes them like going to school, and creates a good feeling between teacher and pupil. In other words, to look at it from a material point of view, it enables the British tax-payer to get the value for his money. Surely this is very much to the point.

Another point which I raised, though only incidentally, was that if this scheme were carried out in the rural districts, the old "Merrie England" life would be to some extent revived, and there would be less talk of emigration to the large towns. Lord Sheffield replied to the effect that man was an economic animal, and by emigrating to the large towns he was merely following a law of political economy, in going where work is. To refute this, I will quote from a booklet by Mr. R. A. Lister, entitled "Danish Small Holdings."

"Quite recently I noticed in one Gloucestershire paper, circulating in rural districts, that there were only six men advertising for situations, and these were as gardeners, grooms, and butlers, whilst in the same paper twenty-two farmers were advertising for shepherds, stockmen, and other agricultural labourers."

Should space have permitted, I could have gone on to quote from Irish papers to show that it is at last generally recognised that one of the causes of the emigration from Ireland to America is the monotony of the country life, and that it is to counteract this that a large portion of the zeal and public spirit of the Gaelic League is now being directed.—Yours, &c.,

C.T.

November 10th, 1909.

THE AUTOMATIC FIXING OF IRISH RENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As the Irish Land Bill will occupy the attention of Parliament in the course of a few days, would you allow me to direct attention to some points, which, if not yet provided for, might well be considered in connection with the future administration of the Irish Land Acts.

The present cost of administering the rent-fixing provisions of those Statutes has become altogether out of proportion to the diminished duties that that Department of the Irish Land Commission is at present called upon to discharge.

In 1887 Mr. Balfour proposed to fix the fair rents of the agricultural holdings of Ireland by an automatic process, which would have had the advantage of being more expeditious and much less costly than the existing procedure provided by the Land Act of 1881.

At that time there were some thousands of fair rent applications awaiting adjudication, and the proposal to deprive the parties of a public investigation of their cases evoked the hostility of Mr. Parnell and his followers, as also that of the tenant right farmers of Ulster, and the combined opposition proved so powerful that Mr. Balfour abandoned his proposed legislation.

In the years that have since passed all the arguments

then advanced against the automatic fixing of fair rents have disappeared. At that time it was essential that each holding should be inspected by two Assistant Commissioners, who had previously sat in Court with an Assistant Legal Commissioner and heard the evidence. That course of procedure is no longer necessary, as the history and circumstances of every holding embraced within the purview of the Irish Land Acts, and which have been adjudicated upon for a first and second judicial term, has been inspected by at least four Court inspectors, and in the cases in which appeals were heard an additional inspection has been made by the Assessors of the Land Commission, and all that exhaustive official information is preserved in the records of the Land Commission. In addition, there is the recorded evidence of at least four valuers for the parties; viz., two for the landlord and two for the tenant, testifying to the amount of rent that should be put upon the holding. It should also be observed that this evidence is supplemented by the Statutory reports, known as the "Pink Schedules," which are attached to the Court file of each individual application, and which supply the following important particulars: (1) A map giving the area of each field in the holding. (2) The particulars of its mode of cultivation and its suitability for certain crops and pasture, &c. (3) The elevation of the farm, its aspect, and proximity to public roads, railways, market and seaport towns, &c. (4) The improvements effected by the tenant, or those to which the landlord has contributed. Thus every item of information connected with "the circumstances of the case, holding, and district," has been obtained and recorded, and in the future fixing of fair rents automatically only three statistical factors would have to be considered, namely (1) The fluctuations in the price of such produce as the holding, under a system of good husbandry, is capable of producing; (2) The prevailing cost of labor; and (3) The variations in such local charges and taxes as the holding may be liable to.

Again, out of the greatly reduced number of fair rent applications that remain to be disposed of, a very small percentage now involve questions on the legal construction of the Land Acts. Such cases have been so exhaustively dealt with by judicial decision that a public court inquiry is no longer required.

Time and practice, accompanied by extensive purchase, having thus created the present situation, what remains to be done is reduced to a limited quantity, and it is submitted that it would not only be expedient in the interest of all parties concerned, but of national advantage, to relegate the future fixing of fair rents, say, to one or two of the Chief Commissioners, assisted by two practical experts or accountants, to fix them automatically from the information available in the existing records of each case. Provision might, of course, be made for appeals in exceptional cases by special leave of a Chief Commissioner, under certain conditions as to costs, &c.

The saving that would thereby be effected in the annual cost of the Land Commission would be very considerable, as the salaries and travelling expenses of the Sub-Commissioners and officials of the Sub-Commissions, the salaries and expenses of the assessors of the Court of Appeal, and the enormous upkeep of the headquarters of the Commission in Dublin would be avoided. Purchase would be expedited and finality secured.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GREER, B.L.

Dalkey, November 9th, 1909.

MR. ELLIS BARKER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—No doubt Mr. "Ellis Barker" is best dealt with as you deal with him, in a spirit of momentary amusement. There is even a sort of innocence about him, as of a man who truly and honestly cannot conceive what patriotism can be. But I think it worth while to pause upon the incident, because many people misunderstand the obvious Liberal principle in this matter. Mr. "Ellis Barker" solemnly states that he is not a German, but a naturalised Englishman. Now that is what we complain of; he is such a very naturalised Englishman. He has naturalised, or denaturalised, even his name. In fact, he plainly and definitely pretends to be a born Englishman; that is, he

pretends to be what he is not. If he were frankly a foreigner, he would have a perfect right to advise England to adopt Tariff Reform. If a Herr Eltsbacher chose to write on Protectionist projects in England, I hope we should all listen to him with respect. The subject is one of legitimate European interest. We could all respect Eltsbacher; it is Ellis Barker whom we cannot respect. I think the point worth a paragraph of your space, because, ever since the South African War, we have had cause to accuse the alien influence in Imperialism; and our protest should be understood. The objection to Imperialism is not that it attracts foreigners, but that it has a peculiar attraction for undignified foreigners. What weakens the Birmingham patriotism so much in the eyes of honest men is not merely that it is supported by the "naturalised Englishman." It is that it is so largely supported by the particular kind of man who pretends to be another kind of man; by the man who rejects his own father whenever he signs his name.—Yours, &c.,
G. K. CHESTERTON.

Overroads, Beaconsfield,
November 11th, 1909.

GENERAL BINGHAM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a slight inaccuracy in your article last week on the New York Police? General Theodore A. Bingham, the late Police Commissioner, is not, as therein stated, "a veteran of the Civil War." He was not born until 1858. The error is probably due to a confusion with General David J. Bingham, to whom your description would apply.—Yours, &c.,

H. W. H.

November 10th, 1909.

Poetry.

REQUIESCAT.

Your birds that call from tree to tree
Just overhead, and whirl and dart,
Your breeze fresh-blowing from the sea,
And your sea singing on, Sweetheart.

Your salt scent on the thin, sharp air
Of this grey dawn's first drowsy hours,
While on the grass shines everywhere
The yellow starlight of your flowers.

At the road's end your strip of blue
Beyond that line of naked trees—
Strange that we should remember you
As if you would remember these!

As if your spirit, swaying yet
To the old passions, were not free
Of Spring's wild magic, and the fret
Of the wilder wooing of the sea!

What threat of old imaginings,
Half-haunted joy, enchanted pain,
Or dread of unfamiliar things
Should ever trouble you again?

Yet you would wake and want, you said,
The little whirr of wings, the clear
Gay notes, the wind, the golden bed
Of the daffodil: and they are here—!

Just overhead, they whirl and dart
Your birds that call from tree to tree,
Your sea is singing on—Sweetheart,
Your breeze is blowing from the sea.

Beyond the line of naked trees
At the road's end, your stretch of blue—
Strange if you should remember these
As we, ah! God! remember you!

CHARLOTTE M. MEW.

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793." By P. A. Kropotkin. Translated from the French by N. F. Dryhurst. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

"The Medici." By Colonel G. F. Young, C.B. (Murray. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

"The Survival of Man." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Orpheus: A General History of Religions." By Salomon Reinach. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Essays on Greek Literature." By R. Y. Tyrrell, Litt.D. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)

"Consciousness." By H. R. Marshall (Macmillan. 17s. net.)

"Life in an English Village." By Maude E. Davies. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Raphael." By A. P. Oppé. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Far Eastern Question." By T. F. Millard. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Reminiscences of a K.C." By T. E. Criepe. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Principles of Religious Development." By George Gallo-way. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"On the Forgotten Road." By Henry Baerlein. (Murray. 6s.)

"Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900." Tome III. "La Formation de la Langue Classique 1600-1660." Par Ferdinand Brunot. (Paris: Colin. 12fr. 50.)

"Le Sillon et le Mouvement Démocratique." Par N. Ariès. (Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Évolution de l'Idée dramatique chez les maîtres du Théâtre." Par Jules Guillemot. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, the current issue of "The Bookman" tells us, is at work on a series of three long novels relating the history of a family in the Five Towns, and written in the manner of "The Old Wives' Tale." The first of the three will not be issued until next autumn, but Mr. Bennett has two other novels ready for publication, one of which, called "The Card," is to appear as a serial in "The Times" weekly edition. The title of the other is "Helen with the High Hand." Mr. Bennett is also at work on a play commissioned by Mr. Herbert Trench for the Haymarket Theatre.

* * *

MR. FRANK PALMER, who has made an excellent start as a publisher by the issue of Mr. Frank Harris's very remarkable book, "The Man Shakespeare," has in the press "The True Story of Jack Cade: A Vindication," by Mr. Joseph Clayton. Mr. Clayton has made an independent study of the documents relating to Cade and his times, with the result that he considers Shakespeare's portrait of Cade to be an unhistorical travesty. Mr. Clayton holds that Cade fared little better at the hands of modern historians. Stubbs, he says, despised him, while Professor Gairdner, in the Introduction to the "Paston Letters," is also hostile. It is remarkable that though a book dealing with Cade's movement has been published at Strasburg, Mr. Clayton is the first English writer to think the subject worth an extended notice.

* * *

A COLLECTION of letters written by Mrs. Lothrop, whose husband was for some years American Minister at St. Petersburg, is announced for publication during the autumn. The letters are said to give an intimate picture of the Russian Court during the 'eighties, and of its leading figures, both social and political. The title of the volume will be "The Court of Alexander III."

* * *

"THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION" is the promising title of a book by Mr. Samuel F. Hulton, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen. It contains a series of portraits taken from Chaucer, medieval manuals of wit, the character-sketches of Overbury and Earle, and the essays of Steele, Amherst, Johnson, and others, together with a collection of verses written by contemporary Oxford Heads, and illustrating the various revolutions of University history. Mr. Hulton reaches the conclusion that the characteristics which make up the "Oxford manner" are both ancient and indestructible.

* * *

MADAME MARCELLE TINAYRE's story, "L'Ombre de l'Amour," which has appeared as a serial in the "Revue de Paris," will be published shortly in volume form by M. Calmann-Lévy. Another novel of importance is M.

Victor Margueritte's "L'Or," which will be published in a few days through the Bibliothèque-Charpentier.

* * *

AMONG the works of history to be published during the season are the two concluding volumes of Messrs. Longmans' "Political History of England." These are "From the Death of Edward VI. to the Death of Elizabeth," by Professor A. F. Pollard; and "From the Restoration to the Death of William III.," by Mr. Richard Lodge. Mr. Lodge's volume may be expected immediately, while Professor Pollard's is in the press. Another contribution to English history will be Professor Oman's "England before the Conquest," which appears in Messrs. Methuen's list.

* * *

A NOTE at the end of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's historical novel, "Robert Emmet," mentions, as among the materials for a history of the Emmet rising, "The Emmet Family," edited by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York. This volume has been printed for private circulation by a grandson of the United Irishman, Thomas Addis Emmet, who acted in 1803 in Paris as the accredited representative of the United Irishmen, negotiating for the assistance of the French Government. It contains a diary kept during that year and other documents—including several letters written by Robert Emmet—which throw light upon the history of the period. It is a pity that the book has not been published in the ordinary way, for, although copies are to be found in a few public libraries, it is inaccessible to most ordinary readers.

* * *

PROFESSOR JOSEPH BÉDIER, who has succeeded Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, begins, this month, a course of five lectures on "The French Epic Legend" at the University of Chicago. The lectures will probably appear in book form next year.

* * *

THE Council of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies have taken the first steps towards founding a companion Society for the Promotion of Roman or Latin Studies, the scope of which will be ancient Roman civilisation in all lands of the Roman Empire, together with its survivals in Italy and Western Europe down to the end of the Middle Ages. It is proposed that the new society should issue a Journal of Roman or Latin Studies, corresponding in general features to the Journal of Hellenic Studies, while its members would also have facilities for borrowing books and lantern slides. Those in sympathy with the project are invited to communicate with Mr. J. ff. Baker Penoyre, the Secretary of the Hellenic Society, at 22, Albemarle Street, W.

* * *

MESSRS. BELL's new series, "Masters of Literature," aims at providing "a good collection of the best work of our prose masters, chosen carefully and deliberately, in accordance with a definite principle, and suitably introduced with relevant biographical, critical, and bibliographical data." The opening volumes are "Scott," by Professor A. J. Grant, and "Fielding," by Professor Saintsbury (3s. 6d. net each). In both cases the selections have been well chosen; they are long enough to interest the reader, and representative of the author at his best. A volume of selections is, from its nature, open to many objections, but there are a good many people who are debarred by want of time from reading the complete works of our great prose writers. For these, as well as for examination candidates who are required to know something about a multitude of authors, Messrs. Bell's series should prove useful. Professor Grant, in his introduction, makes a list of the twelve best of the Waverley novels. Scott's work, he says, is at its very best, "first, when it deals with Scotch life; secondly, when it brings public and private life into relation with one another; thirdly, when the lives of the poor play an important part." Applying these tests, he places "The Heart of Midlothian," "Waverley," and "Rob Roy" as the first three. Professor Saintsbury confines his selections from Fielding to the four novels and "The Voyage to Lisbon." The plays, the periodicals, the pamphlets, the poems, are, in his view, "merely interesting because they were written by Fielding: it is not rash to say, in regard to the others, that Fielding is interesting because he wrote them."

Reviews.

THE SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION.*

THE present reviewer remembers seeing from the capstan fronting the house from which he writes the "Erebus" and "Terror" at anchor in Aldeburgh Bay in May, 1845. His father, who came of a race of Greenland whalers, and who therefore felt special interest in Arctic exploration, went on board the "Erebus," and when talking to Sir John Franklin about the barriers of ice to be overcome, was met with the brief response, "If I can't cut through it, I'll bite it." The spirit which impelled that "heroic sailor soul" to his fateful enterprise has ruled in a succession of explorers, of whom he whose record is now published is the latest. One has only to look at the portrait which prefaces the first volume and is repeated "in winter garb" on a later page; still better, to look on the face itself, kind, sympathetic, but wrought as of heart of oak, to discern what a resolute spirit is there incarnate.

It will suffice to say, once and for all, how the impressions made upon those who have met Lieutenant Shackleton are deepened by the reading of his narrative. The secret of his success, which would have been crowned by planting the Union Jack on the South Pole had supplies held out, lies in the camaraderie between the crew of the battered forty-year old sealing-ship from commander to cook, and in the high aim which urged Lieutenant Shackleton to his task. That aim was not personal fame, but an addition to the sum of human knowledge and, as he tells us, his was the temptation by which the "mysterious fascination of the unknown lures a man from trodden paths." The cheerfulness which laughed at difficulties and short rations (between November, 1908, and February, 1909, the company "had but one full meal, and that was on Christmas day") imparted itself to the company, and goes far to explain how their well-nigh superhuman labour was accomplished. Not a life was lost. One man returned minus an eye, another a great toe, while another grew a second wisdom tooth!

A public avid for the latest news, especially when pluck and skill pervade it, has been made familiar already with the outlines of the moving story now told in detail, illuminated with wonderful photographs and effective colour-plates, and made easy to follow by excellent maps and charts. The gist of it lies in the fortunes of the three sledging parties between whom the work was divided. One of these reached the hitherto unvisited South Magnetic Pole (the earth is a great magnet, the magnetic poles being those at which the dipping-needle is vertical); the second surveyed the mountain ranges west of McMurdo Sound; and the third, which comprised Lieutenant Shackleton, Messrs. Adams, Marshall and Wild, achieved the task of planting the flag of Britain on a plateau 11,000 feet above sea-level "within one hundred geographical miles of the South Pole," leaving the mystery of the Great Ice Barrier to be solved, let us hope, by Captain Scott.

Duly acknowledging the sources of material, some of these supplied by the diaries of the other sledge-parties, Lieutenant Shackleton gives precedence to an account of the last hundred years of Antarctic enterprise from the competent pen of Dr. Hugh Mill. The earlier chapters are occupied with full details of the preparations for the expedition. These serve the useful purpose of informing future explorers as to necessary equipment, amongst which the motor car now takes its place. But vain are the most perfect preparations if "the man behind the machine" be not there. And that Lieutenant Shackleton, while urged by wholesome ambition to probe the mystery of the South Pole, was keen to seek what may be known of its biology, geology, and mineralogy; to ascertain how far weather conditions originating there affect Australia and New Zealand; what are the tidal movements; the ice formations, and a host of other matters of terrestrial physics; evidences what intellectual equipment is needful as supplement to bodily

vigour and staying power. A certain note of monotony runs unavoidably through narratives of voyages, even when, as in the present case, there loom up through them the dreaded forms of icebergs veiled in mist, and moving masses of "pancake" ice. Nor can the details of store-landing and hut-building cause us to wish the chapters on these subjects prolonged. But the interest advances apace as we approach the story of the ascent of the steam-capped Mount Erebus, whose summit, "the most remarkable in the world," is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose crater is three times as deep as that of Vesuvius; an interest culminating in the story of the journey towards the Pole, the primary purpose of the expedition. The eight chapters concerned with this will be, to the adventure-loving reader, the most attractive in the book; to quote from them, even did space permit, would only be to tear quivering words from their context.

We must pass from the sequel of the planting of the Union Jack by the four adventurers in an "icy gale that cut them to the bone," on snow plains, a few miles beyond which lay the goal they so nearly succeeded in reaching, to a brief reference to the scientific results of the expedition "in the domains of geology, biology, magnetism, meteorology," of which only a summary is possible even in the volumes themselves, and which have yet to be worked out by experts. The interest of any discoveries bearing on the life-history of the earth at either pole is the greater, because, as Buffon was the first to suggest in his "Époques de la Nature," life probably originated in those regions. In a cooling globe, they were the earliest places to reach a temperature making organic evolution possible. As far north as eighty-one degrees of latitude, there have been found abundant remains evidencing a warm climate, coal-beds nearly thirty feet in thickness having been discovered. Corresponding to this, is Lieutenant Shackleton's discovery of seams of varying thickness, which Professor David reports consists of coal or "mother of coal," and which lie between sandstone deposits towards the head of the glacier leading to the plateau on which the Union Jack was planted. Professor Edgeworth David, while able as yet to speak only of "one determinate fossil in the shape of a piece of coniferous wood," refers to previous discoveries, showing that, "in regions now continuously covered with ice and snow, there existed in Jurassic deposits (which cover a vast area in both hemispheres) a rich and diversified flora, embracing ferns, cycads, and conifers." The section on animal life in the Antarctic, from the pen of Mr. Murray, biologist of the expedition, supplies an amusing and instructive account of the only "civilised natives of Antarctic regions," as he calls them, the penguins. Among the microscopic forms described in detail are those highly organised specks, the rotifers, whose presence Mr. Murray suggests is explained either by their survival from times when a milder climate prevailed, or by migration from temperate regions. Although, individually, short-lived, he adds that "the Antarctic was not cold enough to show us any temperature at which they die." The additions to our knowledge of pelagic life as a further result of the expedition invite comment, but our space-limit is reached, and it is only with words of superfluous commendation that an inadequate notice of volumes replete with interest, both for the general reader and for the specialist, can be concluded.

CHRISTIANITY AT THE CROSS-ROADS.*

THE posthumous work of a distinguished man has a unique interest. More especially is this so when the personality of the writer was so intensely alive as in the case of Father Tyrrell. "Christianity at the Cross-Roads" is an enigmatic book; it leaves us with the twofold impression, the *pia curiositas et curiosa pietas*, of which Erasmus speaks. We long to interrogate, to cross-examine the writer; to make sure of the exact shade of meaning which he intended to convey.

At first sight the book may appear to be an apologetic treatise written in the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. Modernism, primarily a protest against the defects

* "The Heart of the Antarctic: Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-1909." By E. H. Shackleton, C.V.O. With an Introduction by H. R. Mill, D.Sc., and an account of the First Journey to the South Magnetic Pole by J. W. Edgeworth David, F.R.S. Two volumes. Heinemann. 36s. net.

* "Christianity at the Cross-roads." By George Tyrrell Longmans 5s.

William Blackwood & Sons' Autumn Publications, 1909.

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and limitations of the Roman system, takes secondarily the shape of a vindication, not, indeed, of actual, but of potential Catholicism.

"It is not of Catholicism in the grip of the exploiter, but of Catholicism as a living and lived religion, as a school of souls, that Modernists are thinking. . . . What tyranny ever voted its own destruction, or admitted a truth fatal to its own interests? Will the Roman bureaucracy, that exploits even the Papacy, ever resign their revenues and their ascendancy? Modernists do not believe it for a moment. Their whole hope is in the irresistible tide of truth and knowledge, which must at last surround and overmount the barriers of ignorance, buttressed up by untruthfulness; and, above all, in such inward and living Christianity as may still be left in a rapidly dying Church."

This is not enthusiastic. "O Mighty Mother!" exclaimed Cardinal Newman. "O malign stepmother!" cries the Modernist. Yet repel him as she will—and does—he clings to her.

"While such hopes, be they ever so delusive, live in him, why should the Modernist leave his Church? Where else will he find the true Catholicism of which he dreams? In this or that body he may find some neglected principle of Catholicism, emphasised and developed, but in isolation from the rest and at the cost of integral Christianity. He would find a religion as little, or less, Catholic in fact, and far less in potentiality."

But Father Tyrrell's main purpose was not apologetic of this kind. "The difficulty is not Catholicism," he tells us, "but Christ and Christianity."

"In the Roman Church the question is put more clearly and exactly than elsewhere. But the answer must interest, and eventually decide, the fate of every other Church which shares any measure of the same dogmatic system and rests on the same ultimate presuppositions. If Rome dies, other churches may order their coffins."

"To the lover of Christ," says Miss Petre, in an introduction characterised by singular insight and delicacy, "the Christological problem is more painful and arduous than is the ecclesiastical to the lover of the Church. Father Tyrrell faced them both; and in this book we have his last—I will not say it was necessarily his final—treatment of the double problem."

The argument of "Christianity at the Cross-Roads" stands or falls with a particular estimate of the time-and-place element in the historical Jesus. The question is one of emphasis and proportion. If the estimate to which we refer is accepted, we shall not say that the writer's argument holds—we do not think that it does—but it is waste of time to discuss the matter; because Christ and Christianity break down. If it be ruled out of court—and, in spite of the considerable names that can be quoted for it, it must (we think) be so ruled—the sufficient reason for the book disappears. It is ingenious, brilliant, suggestive—this is only to say that it is Father Tyrrell's. But it ends in a blind alley; we must get back to the high road.

All the churches want to claim Jesus; and that, reversing the order of things, we are apt to make Him to our own image is true. But the Divine Light never descends unclothed. He comes to us—He cannot but come to us—in the likeness of man. The "modernised Christ" is for to-day what the medieval Christ was for the Middle Ages. He was Orpheus for the Church of the Catacombs; the Logos for the schools of Alexandria; everywhere and always there is a superstructure, and this varies in various places and at various times. We picture Him as best we can, and as we advance the picture becomes fuller; but the unity derives from the subject, not from the perspective or the technique. The Christians of the first age enjoyed the same freedom and lay under the same necessity in this respect as those of later days. It was as inevitable that there should be an element of the marvellous, of the enthusiastic, in their presentation of Jesus as it was that this should be found in Him; they and He were of their place and time. That the compilers of the Gospels accentuated this note in the Central Figure of their story is a legitimate assumption and a valid inference. We should expect them to do so; and they did. This accentuation becomes more marked—again, as we might expect—in each successive stage of the formation of the history: a comparison of the incidents recorded in the earlier and the later narratives shows a steady development of legendary detail. But what is surprising is not that this should be so—it could not but be so—but that the element in question is present in so restrained a form and on so comparatively small a scale; that its separation from the sub-

stance of the Gospel can be effected so easily; that this should be so readily detached from its setting and frame. Take it at the most; suppose the improbable case of the Evangelists having represented the consciousness of Christ unrefracted by their own—in vain do we look in Him for the distinctive features of Catholicism, medieval or modern, or of anything from which these can be legitimately developed; the instinct which bids Rome keep the Bible from the people is sound.

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdin."

It is best not to read the New Testament with spectacles; but, if we must use them, better those of our own than of a past age. To suppose that—

"the Jesus of the first century would be in sympathy with just those elements of Catholicism that are least congenial to the modern mind—with sacraments, temples, priests, and altars; with diabolic possessions, and exorcisms; with devils and angels and all the supernaturalism of His own age and tradition,"

is a paradox; it recalls the convex and concave glasses of the optician which distort the features out of all recognisable relation to fact.

To bring the temple ritual under the shelter of Christ is to associate Him with just those elements of Jewish religion which in His time were smitten with decadence. The Temple ritual went with the Temple State—with the Diaspora, the Lesser as well as the Greater, it became secondary; the destruction of Jerusalem hastened but did not bring about its fall. This was the result, as such changes so often are, of migration and of the development of the religious sense. "Incense is an abomination to me," said the prophet: and the Apostle—"He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." While of the passing over of this paraphernalia—temple, sacrifice, priest, and altar—into the Christian Church, the New Testament has never a word. Nor is the argument one from silence only. The spirit of the two systems is incompatible: they look different ways. The fact that Jesus submitted Himself to certain—only to certain—prescriptions of the law gives no color to legal conceptions of religion. He dealt with such conceptions summarily enough. "It was said to them of old time—But I say."

The belief in diabolic possession stands on different ground. Jesus held, or at least accommodated Himself, to this belief: it was the setting in which certain nerve and mind disorders, even now imperfectly diagnosed by science, came before the thought of His time. Given the Incarnation, this attitude on His part follows: He willed the means in and with the end. But, if "the Devil is essential to the Catholic scheme," this is no argument for either. The revelation of God in Christ must be taken in connection with His general manifestation of Himself in the world and in man. This is the teaching of the Fourth Gospel. To isolate Christ is to deprive Him of significance: His mission has its place, in the centre of indeed, but in the scheme of things. While to urge that the Gospel was His own, and His ethic was an adaptation, is unconvincing. Neither, in the strict sense of the word, was original: there were Apocalypses before Him. But each was transformed in the taking, and raised to a higher plane.

The problem of conformity, so burning a question for many Modernists (and not for them only) must be solved, it seems to us, on other grounds. Father Tyrrell gives them. It is to a great extent personal.

"No two men will quite agree as to the precise moment when a case becomes desperate. . . . The reason why, confronted by the same data, one man hopes and another desponds, is just a difference of personality, temperament, and experience. Hence even those who see eye to eye with the Modernist may not, and in most cases will not, agree with him. But they will respect the hope which they do not share, while those who despise the hope cannot truly understand it."

THE HIDDEN WORLD OF ISLAM.*

BELOW all the great forms of religion one may always find other forms persisting, sometimes in secret, sometimes under the protection, or at least toleration, of the priests themselves. These underlying forms are often mere relics of earlier worship, like the traces of "pagan" beliefs still common in all Catholic countries, from Italy to Ireland,

* "The Soul of a Turk." By Victoria de Bunsen. Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

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and such as linger even in the most Calvinistic parts of Germany and Scotland. But they are not necessarily relics; frequently they are accretions, additions, or new developments, contributed by popular feeling to the pure original form. So it has been with Buddhism, originally one of the austere faiths, and so it is now especially with Hinduism, whose high origin has been overloaded with fantastic imaginings till it can hardly be discerned.

One would have supposed that Islam had kept itself pure equally from survivals of older faiths and from the additions of the common mind. Its creed is so definite and limited, the doctrine so intelligible and severe, that one would almost as soon expect vegetable growths on ice as mysteries or magic in Islam. And, in comparison to others, the faith is pure; even in the midst of West African superstitions you will recognise at once the simplicity and calm of the Mohammedan mind. But just on account of this purity the underlying demand of the Faithful for something their creed cannot give is the more remarkable. It reminds us of the background of obscurity, mysterious and inexplicable, which scholars have found in Greece behind the bright worship of Apollo.

It is these dim, underlying beliefs, these vague desires unsatisfied by the definite faith of Islam, that form the main subject of Mrs. de Bunsen's book. Not the only subject by any means. The book is the result of five journeys in the Near East, and, for the greater part, is based upon the seven months' journey from Smyrna to the Tigris described in "Desert Ways to Baghdad," by Mrs. Wilkins, who alone accompanied the author on her adventure. There are many excellent pictures of travel, of seldom visited scenes, and of life many centuries remote from our own. The story of the Albanian Turk who accompanied the little caravan is a revelation of the best Turkish nature and the common Turkish existence. But still the main interest of the book is religious. It lies in the pictures of the revolt of suffering and unreasoning mankind against a creed too narrow, not for his knowledge, but for his unlimited desire, affection, and longing for personal communion with the unseen. As Mrs. De Bunsen says:—

"This instinct of man, to pierce behind the material, the actual, to come into contact with the spiritual, the ideal, is an instinct deep-rooted, part of man's very constitution. It is as innate, as irresistible as any of the other great primitive instincts which, at bottom, form the structure of man's life on earth. Like hunger, sex, fear, it over-rides the reason, masters the will."

On one side, this instinct may turn to mere magic, as among ourselves it used to turn to crystal-gazing, table-turning, planchette, and similar devices. Of magic and its more interesting forms of folk-lore the writer has much to tell, for, partly to gain knowledge, but chiefly, one thinks, out of mere courtesy and human feeling, she took a personal share in all the people's ritual:—

"After a touch of fever," she writes, "I was ceremoniously purified by hair-cutting. For jaundice I drank the milk of a yellow cow. Against the evil eye I wore the blue bead. And when they saw that I did what they told me in all seriousness, they took me into their confidence. . . . My interest in these survivals of magic and religion brought me into touch with human hearts and lives, human aches and pains, human griefs and sorrows."

Mrs. De Bunsen does not here mention one of the finest instances of her compliance, when the captain of her escort insisted on squeezing the *jan* out of her head during an attack of fever, and actually felt that "genius" (as the old Arabian Nights used to call him) depart between his fingers, though the patient was conscious of no improvement, and only recovered, as she says, by drinking the milk of a yellow cow. But she has many other strange examples of magic power in knotted threads and fetish rags, and she dwells on the tendency of all mankind to charms:—

"It was Islam, with its cold fingers," she writes, "that separated me from the people. With that lofty creed, its simple, self-sufficing philosophy, its crude angles and its clear-cut definitions, I, the Christian of the twentieth century, could have little in common. But these primitive human aspirations, these inborn, unreasoning beliefs, this inevitable flight to magic and to religion for help in trouble—they drew us together. I understood, though I was puzzled. They stirred my heart, though they did not convince my mind."

It is not, however, mainly the discovery of folk-lore and magic charms that forms the real attraction of so excellent

a book. The attempt is made to penetrate the significance of much obscurer depths of man's soul than these, and it is with heresies, or at all events dubious sects, rather than with superstitions that the author is really interested. She finds in the Dervish, in the Shiah doctrine, and in the Imam, or incarnations of divine spirit, evidences of the soul's endeavor to transcend the limits of a Deistic creed whose functions on earth never go beyond the dictates of enjoined morality. The injunctions of ethics are all very well, but man in his blindness or his infinite power of apprehension demands ever so much more than ethics. When teachers bid us, "being mortal, to mind only mortal things," man always raises Aristotle's protest against the insufficiency of the counsel. Mrs. De Bunsen speaks often with great penetration of this, the deepest fibre in religious growth. Writing of the true Dervishes, not the tourist shows of Stamboul, she says:—

"What was the idea at the back of these dances? They were no mere dances of joyfulness and thanksgiving. They were means to an end, and that end was the highest religious goal of the mystic, the state of ecstasy or freedom from self. In that state alone was the union with the god possible. And this was a real union, no merely metaphorical term to express deep devotion or submission. It was actual oneness, a union in which the worshipper and the worshipped, the priest and the god he served, became identified and one. This is the most daring of all religious beliefs. . . . It is fraught with danger to all who cannot grasp the highest."

Certainly it is dangerous, as anyone with a knowledge of the ecstatic forms of worship in Russia, for instance, can tell. But still it is an evidence of that supreme desire for spiritual union which Mrs. De Bunsen found within the Shiah, as contrasted with Sunni or more "orthodox" forms of Islam:—

"In Shiah Mohammedanism," she says, "the Aryan consciousness finds its natural religious expression. The Shiah doctrine of the *Imam* and all it implies, this is but the crude and awkward embodiment of a fundamental attitude, intellectual and spiritual. . . . Man is one, body, soul, and spirit. No one part of him, intellect, reason, for instance, can lay claim to be sole vehicle of spiritual truth. . . . Hence the doctrine of the *Imam*, the incarnation of the divine in human form. God must become man, must walk the earth as man with men. Only so could every subtle part of man's personality find Him, reveal Him forth. The appearance of the *Imams* supplied the need."

The position, one sees, is much the same as in Matthew Arnold's essay on the kindred subject of Hassan and Hussein, and at the end of her book Mrs. De Bunsen follows out the idea in her successive chapters on Adonis, Hussein, and Jesus with equal vividness and reverence for the inherent longings of the human race.

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The authors spare us nothing that may be termed instructive. A more or less detailed description of the wars waged by the men of a particular period, of the intrigues of courts, of the caprices of kings, is considered a necessary preparation of the ground before we are told what they ate and drank, whether they washed, what clothes they put on, what was their taste in art, literature, and the drama; so it is set down remorselessly. But there is a plain purpose in this. The object is to connect the social with the political life of the century, before attempting to analyse the former, and to suggest in unmistakable manner the intimate relationship that has almost always existed between, say, a revolution and a new fashion or popular taste. Let us illustrate this by the case of dress. At the French Revolution—

"One of the first Acts of the National Assembly was the abolition by solemn decree of all distinction in the dresses of the classes. The noblemen who had selfishly usurped the wearing of feathers, embroideries, and red heels, had to look on while the citizens declared that they laid no value on such insignificant trifles, but left them gladly to the use of lackeys. It was significant of the victory of the lower class all along the line. . . . The result to us has been that all the variety and splendour of men's dress before 1789 have completely disappeared; they fell into discredit as reminiscent of a hated class, and every effort on Napoleon's part to revive them failed to check the universal introduction of black for men's wear. The democratic tendency which was then gaining power, the plebeian sentiment of equality, has so far carried the day that now when another century has passed over our heads, not only has man's dress attained to an uncompromising uniformity, but women's dress also has been forced to give up any peculiarity indicative of rank or station. In England this change of dress took place naturally and without fuss; it was not so in France, where it was accomplished with full stage effect."

The English change to soberer garb not only took place without fuss; it took place considerably later. In 1832 dark green and violet blue tail-coats, violet trousers, white velvet breeches, and gold buttons were still everyday articles of apparel. The modern lack of color did not become popular till the end of the 'forties. Necessarily the developments in women's clothes is a far more intricate subject, and it would be rash to affirm that history shows any clear connection between them and political happenings, or to suggest that all their fashions were dictated by human logic. The present authors appear to have been conscious of this difficulty, for in stating—in Volume II.—that "in 1815 everything about her is tight and straight, in 1830 puffed and rounded; in 1845 the dress becomes flowing, and the capricious, coquettish creature of 1830 has grown graceful and languishing," they are constrained to add: "The laws which govern fashion are as inexplicable as the reasons which give rise to change of taste." However, the connection between the pseudo-classic fashion in painting, furniture, and architecture, of which David was the high priest after the Revolution, and the classic ease in dress adopted by the ladies of that and the following Empire period, is easy enough to trace; and we can easily fit in the costume, frilled, flounced, vari-colored, and generally extravagant, of 1830 with "the romantic ideas that filled the smaller heads" of that time, or couple the quieter styles that came a little later with the growing interest in questions of social reform. But what baffles the simple mind is why the primitive classic style of dress degenerated into something so primitive as to be hardly dress at all. After 1795, in the most fashionable Paris circles—

"Not only did corsets and under-petticoats disappear, but further garments were also discarded—the lady of society wore rings on her bare feet, while silk tights and a transparent chemise open to the knee composed the remainder of her costume. The more fashionable of these half-insane women strove as to which of them should put on the least clothing. No one now spoke of any one as 'well dressed,' but as 'well undressed,' and it became an amusement in society to weigh a lady's garments; her whole clothing, including shoes and ornaments, was not allowed in 1800 to weigh over eight ounces."

A fashion that was surely the most curious of all democratic protests against the ostentation and license of the noblesse! However, it serves to recall the very common belief that fashions, whatever their logic or illogic, have generally been due to the caprice of Royalty or at any rate of some leader of Society. Marie Antoinette, the Empress Eugénie, Beau Brummel, Beau Nash, and Count D'Orsay are names that occur of personages who have exercised a sartorial tyranny over their generation. But as regards Royalty—in

France at any rate—this part of their prerogative was swept away with the fall of the French Queen's head, and the steady progress of democracy throughout the nineteenth century has undoubtedly affected our regard for the example of Royalty in this direction. It is, by the way, one of the contentions of this book that the Empress Eugénie, though a lady of fine taste, was not the leader of fashion she is usually believed to have been, but a follower of rare skill whose constructive achievement lay in modifying and possibly beautifying the fashions that were imposed upon her. Whether this was so or not, blind adherence to a leader of fashion no longer exists. Indeed, it is difficult nowadays to trace the origin of any fashion further back than the modiste—to such a pass have hygiene and the general leveling up of classes brought us!

The Romantic movement about 1830, and its effect upon social life, are instructively and entertainingly dealt with in these pages. At the first glance it seems paradoxical that any movement of the kind should have appealed to a society which, throughout civilised Europe, had the accumulation of big fortunes for its first object in life. The era of the middle-class business man had begun, and commerce was outwardly the one obsession. Yet society accepted Romanticism greedily. Without any training in or hereditary instinct for art and letters, it helped Delacroix and his fellow-painters to subjugate, though not to annihilate, the classical school, welcomed Scott with open arms, went into ecstasies over Byron, Dumas, Hugo. But it did more than listen to the preaching of the new gospel; it applied the doctrine, or tried to, to the ordinary events of life. It anticipated the somewhat prevalent modern habit of making Romantics out of lunatics and criminals. We do not hear much of the Romantic ordinary citizen—except in regard to his dealings with the other sex—who had his business to consider; but there was undoubtedly the Romantic Woman, who brought "ethereality" to unequalled perfection during this period, and posed and fainted at every possible opportunity. A further phase was the cult of Love. In its essence Love was romantic. The novels of George Sand and other writers not only criticised the marriage-tie as a protest against the spiritual enslavement of women. They made Free Love the special property of Romanticism. In contradistinction to the etherealists, whose watchword was helplessness, the stronger-minded women of the day clamored for the abolition of marriage as well as an equality of citizenship. Between the disturbance caused by these two conflicting sections of feminine fashion, complicated by a further movement, happily shared by both sexes, in the direction of social reform, Society was in a half-revolutionary state. It is, perhaps, not ultra-fantastic to suggest a connection between the perturbation of the times and the steady growth of the comforting tobacco habit among men.

Possibly the strongest impression produced by this record of nineteenth century Society is that nearly every problem with which we are confronted to-day has had its prototype within the last hundred years. Fashion then, as now, invariably tended to extravagance. There has always been the same popular enthusiasm for frivolous amusements, the same neglect of intellectual ones; the same sorts of mind have always propagated the same sorts of schemes, and failed owing to the same mistakes. So little has the method of human self-expression changed that it would not surprise us in the least if some patient investigator of 1830 archives discovered, let us say, the evidences of a Romantic Budget Protest League! We must leave this fascinating speculation to congratulate Miss Marian Edwardes, who is responsible for the translation of these volumes, on a most creditable achievement. She has preserved the flowing style so characteristic of modern German authors; and she has grappled successfully with the difficult task of preventing German candor of expression on delicate topics from reading like English coarseness. The unsuspecting fearlessness with which our Continental neighbors set forth matters not usually discussed at the English dinner-table offers many a pitfall in translation, and Miss Edwards has done well in steering a clear course between them. We can say nothing of the hundreds of reproductions from pictures, engravings, and photos, in color and monotone, that enliven these volumes, except that they are truly illustrations to a monumental history of nineteenth century modes.

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Everyone has made merry over Daudet's "*Tartarin*," and now in "*The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*," a novel which has had a great success in France, M. Jean Aicard has vindicated the honor of the good people of the Midi. Maurin, hunter, smuggler, poacher, is a great personage in the department of the Var, where, although a peasant, he is known as the uncrowned king of thirteen communes and is styled the Don Juan of the Woods. The Provençal's love of heroics, his picturesque feeling for drama, his slyness and talent for poking fun, find full expression in M. Aicard's genial chapters which recount with leisurely ease how Maurin quarrelled with and outwitted the gendarmes from Hyères, won the Préfet to his side, captured wild boars singlehanded, made a conquest of Tonia, the fair Corsican, and carried on love affairs with half the pretty women of

the neighborhood. The old time popular hero worship of the bandit, in short, reappears in a new shape in this glorification of a free, wild, dashing local champion, who is a match for stingy proprietors who hasten to lock up their wives when he approaches, and for the lawyers and police officers who scheme to lay him by the heels. All is, however, innocent and healthy enough in the narrative, and from the "*Diverting Adventures*" one can gain that insight into Provençal feeling and local habits and traditions which to the foreign tourist are always a sealed book. A good deal of modern folklore of the district of the Maures is also presented to us in the anecdotes and good stories of the worthy M. Désiré Cabissol, a French antiquarian, who holds that Maurin is "a figure worthy of Balzac's brush," and that his life is "an opera of which you will never have more than the bare libretto."

It is a far cry from the hardy and healthy Provençal Maurin to Jenny Peters, a typical child of the filthy slums of manufacturing Eastborough. Mr. Dudley Ward's story is certainly "a novel with a purpose," and what he lacks in art he makes up for in vigor. The hero of the tale, the Rev. Richard Smith, a High Church Parson in Eastborough, is forced to resign his living, at the close of the book, ostensibly through his Ritualistic practices, but in reality because his Socialistic opinions have alarmed Lord Midland and the Eastborough burgesses. By Socialism Lord Midland and Vibart, the Conservative member, mean that their duties as owners of slum property in the town have been brought home to them by the clergyman, and that the expenses of municipal reforms are to be thrown on the rates. A rival campaign for Tariff Reform is successfully conducted by these gentlemen, assisted by Mr. Jalland, the mayor, a man who has risen from the ranks and is always hat in hand to his superiors by birth. While the pictures of slum life in Kershaw's Rents are by no means exaggerated in tone, those that depict the pleasures of the wealthy circle at "Midlands Park" are somewhat crude in drawing. To speak frankly the partisanship shown in "*Jenny Peters*" is as strong as the author's honesty of purpose. But, taking it on the plane of "campaign literature," the book accomplishes its object, and the publisher would be well advised to issue the second edition at a popular price.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's fertility is really remarkable. Here is the eleventh volume from his pen, and the changes are still rung dexterously on the identical characters, situations, and scenes that first won popular favor in "*Many Cargoes*." And very amusing most of his stories are. If we get a little tired of Mr. Jacobs's henpecked mates and timid master mariners who always sing small before their feminine tyrants, he makes amends in the story, "*Double Dealing*," where the situation is, relatively, new. Mr. Fred Carter, a holiday-making Londoner, is accosted on the beach by two seafaring men, who will take no denial that he is one "Bert" Simmons, an absconding suitor who four years previously has "nipped off to London," leaving the girl, Nan Evans, mourning in vain for his return. Miss Evans, in an interview, avows that Mr. Carter is not the reculant Bert; but Mr. Carter, smitten by her charms, has a bright idea, and gallantly insists that he is, and hands over his purse and watch and chain to her father as security for his future good behavior. When, later on, various gentlemen drop in and claim old acquaintanceship with Mr. Carter, and recall that he owes them "half a quid," "two quid," &c., the latter sees Nan's hand in it. She is punishing him for his presumption by the loss of his money. The situation, which is, naturally, too farcical for life, is neatly handled by Mr. Jacobs, who, by a few deft turns, deflects the course of the comedy as he pleases, never leaving shallow waters, but never running aground.

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hood visited by the police. Being Irishmen, they cannot avow their firm belief that the doctor has absconded to escape his approaching marriage, and they are driven into the most humiliating evasions, all of which are scouted in turn by the exasperated Englishwoman. The plot thickens when Patsy Devlin himself disappears the next day, and confusion becomes general when two English M.P.'s, Mr. Dick and Mr. Sanders, who are touring the district with their wives, are also spirited away on the road to Pool-a-donagh. We shall leave our readers to investigate the mystery for themselves by procuring the book. Mr. Birmingham has a very nice sense of the humorous shades in Irish life and character, and he has succeeded in striking out an original line for himself.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

We are informed that Mr. W. Grinton Berry's "John Milton" (Jarrold, 2s.) in the "Men of Fame" series has been designed for "secondary schools, students, reading circles, &c., and this circumstance quite justifies the elementary character of the criticism it contains. At the same time we cannot help thinking that the "young student," who is exhorted or advised on every other page, would not have resented a little more criticism of Milton and a little less advice addressed to himself. Mr. Berry has emphatically the schoolmaster touch. He is disposed, like many schoolmasters, to underestimate the intelligence of his audience; witness the reference to the Eikon Basilike, which title, he kindly but, one would think, rather superfluously, explains as "Greek words signifying the image or portraiture of the King." He is rightly desirous of impressing the student with Milton's power of suggestion, but his illustrations are not always happily chosen. For instance, in the chapter on "Paradise Lost," he observes that Milton's characteristic manner of indicating the distance between Heaven and Hell is to say that the conquered angels occupied nine days and nights in falling through the intervening chaos. "At what rate," proceeds Mr. Berry, "per hour, per minute, did they fall? Suppose an aeronaut to ascend five thousand feet . . . and then . . . leap out from his car, at what rate, &c.? . . . Suppose it was possible for him to continue this descent nine days and nine nights—what length of space would he traverse? . . . he (Milton) suggests a vast, undefined region of thought to be explored by the cogitation and fancy." We humbly submit that the interesting problems enumerated lie within the region of arithmetic rather than poetry; and that if Milton causes the young student's cogitation and fancy to wander in these directions, he had better be discarded in favor of Todhunter. However, the book is not all like this. There is a really illuminating comparison between Milton's attitude towards inanimate nature and that of Wordsworth or Burns. The poet's prose style, too, is capably dealt with, the comparative modernity of Shakespeare's being contrasted therewith. The book should serve its purpose as an introduction to a noble subject.

THE selection of four hundred "great" pictures out of the world's art production is a task that might dismay the most venturesome of book compilers. More than this number, however, are reproduced in "The World's Great Pictures" (Cassell & Co., 10s. 6d. net), a handsome publication containing nearly four hundred pages of text and illustrations, in which the great paintings of five centuries, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth, are dealt with. On the whole the book is very well done. The selection of works might have been better in some respects; but in view of the absence of any definite standard of taste—art criticism is a subject in which personal preferences are less distinguishable from actual right and wrong than in most others—we are not disposed to grumble overmuch. The text is discreet, and descriptive rather than critical. The worst blemish of the book appears to us to be that—excepting the British School, which is allowed to end with Turner—it practically excludes works of the nineteenth century. This arrangement is responsible for the French School cul-

minating rather tamely with Madame Vigée Lebrun, and the German with Angelica Kauffmann; the latter's membership of the British Academy not preventing her from being relegated to the society of her compatriots. Thus we have none of the great pictures from the Romantic painters of France or the later Barbizon school, nothing from the history painters and realists of nineteenth-century Germany, nothing from the modern landscape school of Holland, nor from the Belgian school of the last hundred years. On the other hand, the older pictures have been explored fairly thoroughly, though there are instances of indiscriminate inclusion. We see no reason for giving a full-page reproduction of a work by Jan de Bray, an inconspicuous Dutchman who imitated Hals; considering that neither Honthorst nor Ravesteyn, more important artists of the same period, are not represented or mentioned. Again, the inclusion, in the Italian section, of two pictures by Melozzo da Forlì, and another by Francesco Albani, is typical of the modern tendency to regard every old Italian picture as great because it is Italian. One regrets the space occupied by these examples of minor masters the more because Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" has been omitted. This should not have been passed over by any book on the "world's great pictures," nor does the fact that other famous works of Titian are included afford any valid reason for leaving this out, if we are to regard the title of the book as indicative of its object. It is rather unfortunate, too, that the art of the brothers Pollaiuoli should be represented by a picture executed by Piero alone, seeing that he was admittedly an inferior painter to his brother Antonio. There are one or two somewhat unthinking descriptions of this or that painter's art. Is it fair, for example, to say of Carlo Crivelli, who clung to Byzantine archaism long after it had ceased as an element of Italian painting, and whose art was always controlled by a decorative motive, that he was "exaggeratedly dramatic"? Is it accurate to describe William van der Velde as "a true deep-sea painter"? Bakhuizen came nearer to the description, but in the light of what we nowadays understand thereby, neither of the Dutchmen could lay claim to the title, and the art of van der Velde is certainly remembered more pleasurably by his sea-shore scenes of sea and shipping. Yet the volume, whatever its sins of omission and commission in text or illustrations, is one that will give a great deal of pleasure to any art-lover who takes it up. The half-tone plates are admirably wrought; and though the color pictures vary somewhat in quality, the average is sufficiently high, and many a friend in the European galleries, whose memory has grown dim, can be recalled vividly enough through their agency.

READERS of the "Daily News," who have followed the fiscal controversy, will be familiar with many of the "101 Points against Tariff Reform," the series of notes which Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money began to contribute to that journal on March 23rd last, in answer to Mr. J. Ellis Barker's "101 Points against Free Trade," in the "Daily Express." After thirty-three days the "Express" ceased to publish its "Points" daily, and announced that they would issue the remainder in a booklet. The "Daily News" followed suit by publishing Mr. Money's replies in its penny series. The booklet, apart from the convincing, not to say crushing, character of its contents, is of the handiest possible size and shape for the pocket. Every Free Trader should get it.

DENMARK is certainly the most progressive of European countries in matters pertaining to agricultural development, and one hopes to find some explanation of this excellent feature of her national life in a book of travel in that country. Miss F. M. Butlin, the author of "Among the Danes" (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), is an observant traveller, and paints not only the system of land-ownership, of co-operative indemnity closely associated with State aid and encouragement, but also some pleasant pictures of the peasants in Jutland and Seeland. Two chapters are given to Copenhagen, "the most peaceful, prosaic, and prosperous of modern cities," and its pleasant open-air life. Danish legend and history are also noticed at some length, and the author, who knows her subject well, is to be congratulated on a capital description of Denmark and its people.



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THE many admirers of Miss Agnes Weston, whose devoted work in connection with the Sailors' Rests at Devonport and Portsmouth is well known, will appreciate the record of that work as given in "My Life among the Blue-Jackets" (Nisbet, 6s. net). In this volume Miss Weston describes the influences that led her to a missionary career, and how she came to interest herself in the Navy; how, in partnership with Miss Wintz, she founded the first Sailors' Rest at Devonport; how the modest buildings at this centre and at Portsmouth developed into the palatial buildings; and how the hospitality of these is now extended to the navies of other countries. The opposition of the public-houses, which were for so long the only refuge of the sailor ashore, was one of her principal difficulties, and the story of their gradual conquest makes interesting reading. It is pleasant, also, to hear of the cordial relationship that has always existed between Miss Weston and persons in high places, from Royalty downwards. The opening chapters of the book are ingenuously autobiographical, and the whole work, leavened as it is by a strain of sincere piety, is written in a simple and intimate style.

* * *

THOSE who are interested in vine culture should not fail to read the white paper in which Lord Blyth records the results of his recent visit of official inquiry and report to South Africa. Those who have the wines of Cape Colony in their home know that—though there is some very good Cape wine in London—it does not at present stand export very well. Its best is of a finer and more delicate quality than most Australian vintages, but it does not seem to bear a long voyage so well. Therefore Lord Blyth is well advised in recommending the Cape growers, who include some thoroughly accomplished experts, to grow first for the home market.

The Week in the City.

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NOTHING is more wonderful than the buoyancy of the City, which is strong enough to repel not only the depressing influence of a five per cent. bank rate, but the rapidly-approaching menace of a national crisis in finance. Probably the firmness and cheerfulness of Wednesday's markets were due to the optimism of the Prime Minister's speech at the Mansion House. He was able to take a far more satisfactory view of foreign politics than last year; and so vast, so complex, so widely-spread are London's financial mercantile banking and shipping interests, ramifying, as they do, into every civilised or semi-civilised part of the earth, that nothing pleases City magnates more than prospects of settled peace and good relations with other Powers. Mr. Asquith's references to Germany gave special satisfaction. There is an idea that Germany has begun to co-operate with us on the Congo question, and the horrors of the Congo seem to have touched some quarters where the purse is usually larger than the heart. Foreign bonds have been much firmer, and it is expected that Portuguese will rise, temporarily at least, upon the visit of the King of Portugal. Some operators are taking an interest in home railways and predicting that certain of these stocks will have a bigish rise in the near future. This may very well happen, if the improvement in trade gains ground, as I expect it will. The J. and P. Coats figures for 1909 are wonderfully good—£216,000 better than a year ago.

THE TRADE RETURNS.

The returns for our imports and exports in October showed a rise of nearly two millions in imports, and of close upon a million in exports of British produce and manufactures over October of last year. Lancashire will observe that the figures are practically accounted for by the cotton

trade, which bought two millions' worth more of raw cotton and sold to foreign customers £856,000 more of manufactured cotton goods. Our exports of woollen goods and of manufactured iron and steel also rose. In the first ten months of this year we have spent 207 millions on imports of food, drink, and tobacco. The table analysing this total and comparing it with the figures for the first ten months of 1908 are rather interesting, especially in view of the prominence given lately to the Tariff Reform substitute for the present Budget. Here they are:—

I.—FOOD, DRINK, AND TOBACCO.

	January to October inclusive, 1908.	1909.
A. Grain and Flour	£59,997,186	£68,871,531
B. Meat, including Animals for food	40,953,011	39,555,302
C. Other food and drink:		
(1) Non-dutiable	56,660,109	55,273,425
(2) Dutiable	39,506,296	39,539,740
D. Tobacco	4,183,706	4,148,651
Total, Class I.	£201,300,308	£207,388,649

The first three figures in each year represent free untaxed food, and as the stomachs of rich and poor are equal, it will be obvious that a tax upon these would operate very much as a poll tax after the manner advocated by the rich Budget-framers among the Penguins. Let me add for further material another table of another class of imports which have been much in controversy:—

II.—RAW MATERIALS AND ARTICLES MAINLY UNMANUFACTURED.

	1908.	1909.
A. Coal, Coke, and Manufactured Fuel	£4,051	£5,082
B. Iron Ore, Scrap Iron, and Steel ...	4,100,176	4,074,931
C. Other Metallic Ores	7,611,127	6,829,484
D. Wood and Timber	21,229,975	19,812,310
E. Cotton	39,872,639	41,669,667
F. Wool	25,457,290	23,656,110
G. Other Textile Materials	10,674,093	9,287,435
H. Oil Seeds, Nuts, Oils, &c.	24,119,252	25,413,160
I. Hides and Skins	7,891,115	9,514,184
J. Paper Making Materials	3,767,459	3,530,073
K. Miscellaneous	18,393,002	22,464,818
Total	£163,120,179	£171,257,254

About these categories Tariff Reformers are hopelessly at variance. Some, like Mr. Wyndham, would tax wood and some would not. Others look at the table rather with an eye to imperial preference. A third table has particular interest in view of the possibility that through the action of the House of Lords our Customs Tariff, more especially the Tea Duties, may be thrown out of gear. It is an account of the quantities of the principal articles of imported merchandise, subject to duties of Customs, remaining in the bonded warehouses of the United Kingdom or entered to be warehoused therein on October 31st, 1909, as compared with the quantities on October 31st, 1908, and October 31st, 1907:—

	1908.	1909.
Chicory (cwt.)	4,000	3,000
Cocoa, raw (lb.)	11,899,000	19,661,000
Cocoa, prepared (lb.)	121,000	172,000
Coffee (cwt.)	552,000	501,000
Currants (cwt.)	512,000	330,000
Raisins (cwt.)	231,000	295,000
Spirits (prf. galls.)	9,937,000	10,327,000
Sugar (cwt.)	2,840,000	2,250,000
Tea (lb.)	113,157,000	108,118,000
Tobacco, manufactured (lb.)	1,561,000	1,519,000
" unmanufactured (lb.)	192,365,000	205,484,000
Wine (galls)	4,748,000	4,739,000

THE FINANCIAL DANGER.

Though the City (as I have said) has been fairly cheerful, at least up to Thursday night, some astute financiers are making anxious inquiries about the action of the Lords. It is all very well for the wild peers to have a row, but the row may cost the City dear. "What will be the deficiency?" is asked when the rejection of the Budget is discussed, and the answer varies from 50 millions downwards. The top figure, it is whispered, has appeared in a Treasury calculation. But there is a latent notion that our statesmen are too practical to allow chaos and confusion to enter the doors of the Customs and Inland Revenue. Then there is not much confidence in the "Times" since Lord Northcliffe took it over; and it was the "Times" that announced the move against the Budget. Certainly the firmness of Consols has been wonderful. I think it is too good to last; for apart from the Lords, there is dear money and no immediate prospect of relaxation. The bank return was disappointing, and a six per cent rate is still on the cards.

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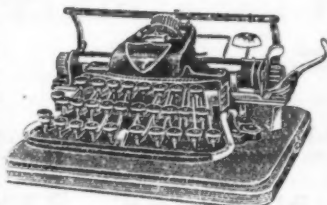
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